

Sports Illustrat

MARCH 16, 1964

30 CENTS

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GOVERNMENT 5: TABLE TACTICS

at day's end



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THE SIGN OF TOMORROW...TODAY

Contents

MARCH 16, 1964 Volume 20, No. 11

Cover painting by Brenda Fuchs

16 Driven Beyond Dignity

A Western newswoman reports the chilling inside story of Japan's world champion girls' volleyball team

20 A Large Field of Unfavorites

The four teams that make the semifinals of the NCAA basketball tournament will be battle-scarred

24 This Pitcher May Need Relief

Jim Bowman tells the story of his release by the White Sox, who don't care for writing pitchers

30 Howe: the Why of the Red Wings

Off the ice, Detroit's top hockey player is just another shy athlete; on it he is an entire team

40 When the Shad Come Home

Their spring spawning run up coastal rivers provides good sport and good food for the fishermen

52 Goren's New Bridge Formula

There is more to winning table tactics than just playing the cards well. List of five installments

68 If O'Hara Really Tries . . .

In Chicago the world's fastest indoor runner shows he will be even better once he gains confidence

70 Meet the Mad Livingstons

They may not get any glory out of America's Cup racing, but they are sure to have some fun

The departments

- | | |
|-------------|----------------------|
| 8 Scorecard | 68 Track |
| 63 People | 83 For the Record |
| 64 Golf | 84 Basketball's Week |
| 66 Boxing | 86 19th Hole |



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Advertisements on page 83

Next week

CHAMPAGNE TONY LEMA, the most engaging newcomer to golf's top ranks, begins the candid story of the life of a touring pro. Part I is titled *Survival Training for a Rookie*.

A HONEYCOMB HOUSE is Designer John Chasen Campbell's inspiration for a unique vacation retreat that can grow with the family and fit any terrain, any climate, any season.

A FELLOW NAMED ROTZ will earn more than LBJ or Mickey Mantle this year. Gerald Holland introduces this 112-pound jockey whose real weight is in the money he wins.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Robert L. Jensen

In 1963 U.S. manufacturers of that remarkable Yankee invention, the basketball, produced three million new ones, or roughly enough to provide every man, woman and child in Omaha with 10 apiece. Since only a few Omahans actually own 10 basketballs, this leaves a large number unaccounted for, and since early December Associate Editor John Underwood has been trying to track the rest of them down. It is a job that will last until Easter.

What Underwood is really looking for is not so much basketballs as the teams, at the college level, that are making the best use of their quota. In his search he has inspected—and written stories about—most of the very best: UCLA, Michigan, Villanova, Loyola

and in detail the various styles of offense and defense, strong and weak points, individual standouts and current form as it applies to tournament pairings right now. What Underwood makes of this fund of inside information will be found on page 20.

The son of a charter boat captain from the Bahamas, Underwood came to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* two years ago from the *Miami Herald*, where the smooth, easy-reading style and light Underwood touch was first developed over a variety of sports and general news assignments stretching from the Orange Bowl to murder trials, Cuban road races and Cape Kennedy space shots. He once played golf with Eisenhower Billy Graham ("He beat me, putting cross-handed," Underwood says), rode in a limousine with Governor Rockefeller ("We had a flat tire") and in 1959 roomed Fort Lauderdale beach in Bermuda shorts until 5 a.m., posing as a rioting college student. Although he covered the complete Floyd Patterson-Ingemar Johansson trilogy, Underwood considers the best punch he ever saw a right cross delivered at the Miss Universe contest of 1961 when Miss Mississippi clobbered Miss United States. "For selling lies about my origin." Since joining SI, Underwood has concentrated more on the recognized intercollegiate sports.

"Players now do more things and do them better than ever—except play defense," he says of the current basketball trends. "Watching the college teams you have to believe that high school coaches have quit teaching defense." The other development that bothers our 5-foot 11-inch basketball writer is the march toward 7 feet. "The University of Michigan, for example, has eight or nine players who can dunk a basketball. Fans cheer this but I see it as a nonfeat without esthetic quality. Sooner or later something will have to be done to make even the 7-footer learn what the game was originally supposed to be like."



ASSOCIATE EDITOR JOHN UNDERWOOD

of Chicago and Kentucky, to mention a few. This week, in a preview of the forthcoming NCAA Championship, he tells how he thinks it will all come out.

To produce the preview Underwood called not only on his own observations but also on the knowledge of 18 special SI correspondents across the U.S., who last week sent him close to 40,000 words of scouting reports on teams they have been watching all year. The correspondents were asked to as-

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THOMAS W. HAVEY,
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of a certified public ac-
counting firm in Chicago
Illinois.

*Mrs. Haavey shown with her daughter and six sons,
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6

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JOHN C. HUGHES, JR. PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER

SHOPWALK

Remington's new bolt-action carbine can be used on both big game and varmints

The short, lightweight, lever-action carbine (and in the past several years the semiautomatic carbine) has long been the favorite gun for hunting whitetail deer and other big game in the thick brush and timbered areas of the U.S., Canada and Latin America. Now, Remington has added a brand-new carbine—one with a bolt action—called the Model 600 (below).

This rugged little rifle weighs only 5½ pounds and is the lightest American-made carbine currently on the market. It has an 18½-inch barrel, a Monte Carlo stock (without a cheekpiece) and pistol grip, and an exaggerated comma-shaped bolt handle that hugs the stock nicely. The bolt face is recessed to completely enclose the cartridge head, a safety feature on all Remington bolt-action guns since 1948. The Model 600 is chambered for two big-game cartridges, the .35 Remington and the more versatile .308, a faster cartridge which comes in a variety of bullet weights. For coyote, fox and woodchuck hunters, the new carbine comes in .222 caliber. The gun holds five cartridges (four in the magazine) in .35 and .308 calibers, and six cartridges in .222 caliber. It sells for \$99.95, complete with a ventilated rib, which Remington has apparently added for appearance only. The rib does give the Model 600 a sleek look, but it also makes it harder to keep the gun rust-free after hunting in wet weather.

Bolt actions are thought by many shooters to be the simplest and most reliable of all gun actions, and they generally are more accurate than other types. The Model 600 is no exception. Its accuracy is helped by a free-floating barrel, which is virtually unaffected by swelling or shrinking of the wood around it. (A free-floating barrel is also less affected by the repeated vibrations of target shooting, but few serious target shooters will be interested in such a lightweight, short-barreled gun.) Although the recoil punch to the shooter's shoulder and cheek is not much more noticeable than in heavier guns, the Model 600 because of its lightness and the powerful cartridges it uses requires more control

(continued)



WOMEN DIG IT!

THAT MAN ^{by} REVLON



A GENTLEMAN'S COLOGNE

by the shooter. He must get used to the fact that the gun tends to "flip," or bounce off target when fired. The short barrel also makes muzzle blast more severe. These problems can be easily solved with practice, however.

The Model 600's open sights could be improved. More precise sights—a finer bead on the front ramp sight and more positive adjustments on the rear sight for windage and elevation—are inexpensive and can be installed quite reasonably by any competent gunsmith. Telescopic sights can also be installed on the gun. The Model 600's fixed-box magazine requires the shooter to work unfired cartridges through the action to unload the gun. A hinged floor plate or a detachable box magazine would be better. So would a three-position safety that could be set to lock the trigger and still permit opening of the bolt.

Despite these few inconveniences, the Model 600 is a handsome, well-designed gun. It carries easily, comes up to the shoulder smoothly and effortlessly, points quickly and has all the power and accuracy that a hunter could ask for in a carbine.

Two popular Winchester guns, the Model 70 bolt-action rifle and the Model 12 pump-

action shotgun (now called the Model 1200) have been greatly improved this year. Following the pattern of most American gun manufacturers, Winchester has switched to a tough high-gloss finish on the wood of these two guns. The Model 70 has a stronger engine-turned bolt with a recessed face, a free-floating barrel and a better stock design—the comb and the cheekpiece have been raised. Two additional features will be appreciated by shooters: an easily visible red cocking indicator on the top of the receiver and a wider, serrated trigger for more positive finger control. The Model 70 comes in four standard and five magnum big-game calibers, and prices start at \$119.95.

The five-shot Winchester Model 1200 has an aluminum-alloy receiver that makes the gun lighter (about 6½ pounds in 12 gauge) and a rotating bolt head that locks into the barrel. The magazine can be unloaded by simply depressing a cut-off spring conveniently located at its inside the floor plate. The Model 1200 is available in field grade 12- and 16-gauge (20-gauge held guns and trap and skeet guns will be available later), has interchangeable barrels and sells for \$96. A rubber recoil pad is standard on the Model 1200. The upland shooter who finds the pad annoying the rubber pad is too easily caught

up in the upland shooter's coat, especially if he is trying to get off a snap shot at a first-rising cock pheasant or a grouse; he can glue a piece of slack leather over it.

Remington's light-recoil Model 1100 semi-automatic shotgun, introduced last year in 12 gauge, is now available in a variety of 16- and 20-gauge models. Particularly versatile is the 20-gauge magnum model, which handles standard 2½-inch shotshells as well as the heavier 3-inch magnum shell, and is ideal for upland game and for waterfowl. It weighs 7½ pounds with a 28-inch barrel and costs \$149.95. A ventilated rib is \$23 extra.

The revolutionary plastic shorthell, introduced in 12 gauge by Remington almost four years ago, has become a favorite with duck and goose hunters. New ones virtually indestructible, slick-feeding shells are available in a variety of field and target loads in 12, 16 and 20 gauges from Remington and, for the first time this year, from Winchester. The highest-grade plastic shells—Remington's Power-Piston (currently in 12 gauge only) and Winchester's Mark 5 (in 12, 16 and 20 gauges) give denser patterns and longer ranges than any other shotshells made. It should not be too long before both companies offer plastic shotshells in 28 and 410 gauges and drop their paper lines entirely.

—DUNCAN HARNES

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SCORECARD

THE BLACK MUSLIM HOPE

The hysteria that has seized prizefighting since Cassius Clay came on the scene, shaking the sport's fans between laughter and tears, has reached a critical stage. Clay now acknowledges what he would not admit before he won the heavyweight championship—that he is a member of the Black Muslim cult, a twisted form of Islam that advocates racial separatism. He has abandoned the richly sonorous "Cassius Marcellus" that his parents christened him and signs his autographs "Cassius X Clay," because that is an approximation of Muslim practice. And in a few weeks, inspired by his just-retired Muslim mentor, Malcolm X, who lost face when he applauded the assassination of President Kennedy and had been using Clay in an effort to regain it, he will set forth on what can only be an ill-will tour of Africa and Asia. He may even make a pilgrimage to Mecca.

This tragicomic nonsense has been topped by Floyd Patterson's ill-considered (and rejected) offer to fight Clay for nothing in order to "take the title from the Black Muslim leadership." In its recent history boxing has been refreshingly free of racial prejudice. Gate receipts in theaters around the country seem to have hit a new high when Clay fought Sonny Liston, a pretty fair indication that prizefighting's fans are not too concerned that since Rocky Marciano retired Negroes have dominated the title. Clay's religion, if that is the word for it, is not an issue in the ring and, like his race, never should be.

SWEAT OF THE BROW, INDEED

If the men of the Internal Revenue Service think, as they say, that a man who tries to pick four winners in four races has not been sweating, they might try it some time. With the arbitrariness that distinguishes tax men from other forms of life, the IRS people have decided that Danny Tuazon and Juan Lopez, the \$10-a-day short-order cooks who won the twin double at Gulfstream Park recently, did not earn their \$84,114.20 by "the sweat of their brow," and therefore cannot

spread their income over several years.

Under the new tax law, athletes, artists, farmers, fishermen, lawyers, small businessmen and others who make it big one year may regard their bonanzas as earned over a period of years, but not horseplayers, who rarely make it big any year. Double players, unite and lobby. You have nothing to lose.

PROSPECT

After scanning the *American League 1964 Red Book*, any thinking fan would have to cast his vote for Garry Roggenburg, Minnesota Twin left-hander, as the pitcher with the brightest future of them all.

Last season he won only two games, to be sure, and lost four, but he did have a respectable earned-run average of 2.16. He stands 6 feet 6 inches and he weighs 195 pounds, which is all to the good, too. What has sold us on Roggenburg, though, is that the statistics-pocked book says he will not celebrate his 4th birthday until April 16.

FOR BARGAIN HUNTERS

The money is flying like wood shavings as fevered yachtsmen risk \$2 million to build, break in and campaign four new and nearly identical 12-meter boats to run for yachting's Holy Grail, the America's Cup (see page 70). Meanwhile, any thrifty sailor who wants effortless, instant cup-defending can buy a ready-made winner in *Columbia*, the 1958 victor. For only \$150,000 (barely enough for the sails and winches) the buyer gets a boat with two masts, four mainsails and 30 headsails. She even has a tender. And all *Columbia* needs to meet the starting gun is a breath of air.

ANSWER BY SPOOK AND PIE

In recent years few major colleges have cared to schedule football games with the University of Southern Mississippi or Memphis State University. The two independents have been just too tough. There was a time, for instance, when Alabama tried Southern Mississippi. Alabama lost in 1953, again in 1954,

tied in 1956 and after a 1957 win decided to retire from this field with honor. Georgia had one turn, lost 14-0, and looked elsewhere. Memphis State rambled through its schedule last season without a loss. Ole Miss managed to come out with a scoreless tie and slightly bruised, but that was as close as anyone got.

As a result of its scheduling problem, Southern Mississippi lost major college status in football a couple of seasons back. It just could not get together with enough major teams. And it was confronted with the same prospect this year.

Pie Vann, Southern Mississippi coach, and Spook Murphy, Memphis coach, put their heads together the other day. They solved it. They decided they would play each other twice next fall.

SCHOOL FOR SALMON

The deep interest the Japanese have in unarmed self-defense—judo and all that—may yet pay off for fishermen. Tens of thousands of hatchery-raised fish are lost each year because they wander innocently into the paths of predators. No one has ever told them that their brother fish are cannibals. Now the Japanese are teaching young salmon just that.

For the past two years physiologists



at Tokyo's Hosei University have been teaching young fish the art of self-defense. They use a water tank in which they put a plastic fish of adult size. Around the model they create a weak electric field of about six volts. Fifty-day-old fry are released into the tank, and when they approach the plastic fish they get a shock. Class is repeated for two hours daily until the fry learn to avoid the model fish.

To determine how well the fry have learned their Pavlovian lesson, they and

some unschooled fry are dumped into a tank that is divided into two sections separated by metal netting with a mesh fine enough to prevent an adult fish from getting through but big enough to let the fry pass. On the other side of the netting a real live rainbow trout is introduced. Trained fry stay on their own side of the netting. The uneducated cross over and are eaten.

The scientists now plan to enlarge their experimentation to see what will happen in a pond and, eventually, in a river.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN INVENTION

It looked rather like polo and was played pretty much like soccer, this strange game that was introduced on a recent Sunday at the Cercle La Gourmette-St. Maur, a posh Parisian riding club. Imported from the Soviet Union, it is played by four men and four horses to a team, and the object is to have one of the horses kick a 40-pound, 40-inch rubber ball past the other side's goal line. Since the riders are not permitted to touch the ball, the specially trained horses must use their knees, legs and chests to propel it.

The game caught on nicely with a crowd of 600, which included Soviet and U.S. diplomats. Referee Pierre Brouillet, president of the Del Duca Club Hippique, predicted "a great future for the sport in France." It is, he said, "as tough as polo on both horses and riders."

As to its Soviet origin, there seems to be some doubt, though Club Gourmette members staged the match largely on the basis of photographs they had seen in a Russian equestrian magazine and have sent to Moscow for an official rule book.

"Canard," snorted Jean de Faucon, president of the Cercle Hippique de Saint-Cloud. "Horseball was invented and codified by a Frenchman at least 25 years ago."

Perhaps, but something very like horseball, called Arizona pushball, was being played by U.S. cavalry units along about World War I (SI, July 25, 1955).

TOO MUCH HEAT

After working 321 innings for the San Francisco Giants last season, which made him the busiest pitcher in both leagues, Juan Marichal put in 60 innings for his home team, Escogido, in the sunny Dominican League. Then, understandably, Marichal felt weary and retired for the rest of the winter.

The Dominican press blasted him and fans booed when he attended ball games as a spectator.

"Everywhere I went people would call me names," Juan said the other day in the Giants' training camp in Phoenix, Ariz. "One day at the ball park a whole bunch of guys sitting around me threatened they would kill me. My wife and I couldn't get out of there without policemen. There must have been 50 cops to get us out. We were real scared."

Now, says Marichal, he will have to buy a home in San Francisco and live in the U.S. permanently. What clinched the decision was that Escogido finished in second place, and Dominicans believe firmly that the team might have won the pennant if Marichal had completed the season.

THE COMPLETE CHOOSY ANGLER

Fly fishing and cane-pole fishing are poles apart, so to speak, and in between are many other techniques devised by inventively prodigious man. Yet to be classified is a method that Frank Ligas, research biologist, has thought up. He calls it "selective fishing."

In hatbox trunks and sneakers, face mask and snorkel, armed with a short bait-casting rod, Ligas wades into clear water along the shore of Key Largo, Fla. He selects a more or less comfortable submerged rock and sits on it, snorkel projecting above the surface. For long periods he observes with scientific eye the passing parade of fish—until one comes along that he would like to catch. Whereupon Ligas casts a bait in front of the fish. If an undesirable fish should try to steal the bait from Ligas' quarry, he simply reels in fast, waits for the nuisance to go away and tries again. He loves to catch snappers, for instance, but will have nothing to do with a grunt.

The method, says Ligas, gives the angler the delights of snorkeling, fish-watching and rod-and-reel fishing while avoiding the boredom of orthodox salt-water bottom fishing.

THE MODERATE MUSCLEMAN

All over the country the physical fitness drive has millions of weekend athletes toning their muscles and developing their chest expansion, if any. A Royal Canadian Air Force booklet of exercises has sold six million copies.

It is splendid if the fitness fans heed the RCAF warning to take it easy at first and do their developing slowly. Some of them have not and, according

continued



UPSET STOMACH?

If you've never tried
Alka-Seltzer®
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When you have an upset stomach there's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer.

Alka-Seltzer contains a soothing stomach alkalizer, ready to go to work instantly to soothe and settle upset stomach.

Headache, too? Alka-Seltzer provides the effective pain-reliever, sodium acetylsalicylate, in a completely dissolved solution. In the first ten minutes—when you really need it—the system quickly absorbs more of this Alka-Seltzer pain-reliever.

Take two Alka-Seltzer tablets before bed and wake up feeling better!



RELIEF IS JUST
A SWALLOW AWAY

only 3 men in a 1,000
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some
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have all
the luck



One of a collection of uncommonly fine shoes from \$27 up, at selected stores. We'd be pleased to direct you to the nearest one. Stacy-Adams Co., Brockton, Mass. Since 1875

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NEW
The BIG 8



8 great fielding features
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A fine glove that any boy will be proud of, plus 8 x 10 color pictures of Mickey Mantle, Ken Boyer, Brooks Robinson, Tommy Davis, Tom Fresh, Dick Groat, Billy Williams and Warren Spahn. All in a special gift pack. At sports stores and departments.

"The Finest In The Field!"



SCORECARD continued

to Dr. Charles Goodrich, a New York internist with a research interest in disabilities, have come to regret it.

It is interesting to note that AMF's Ben Hogan Sales Company, which is about to introduce an isometric exercise program for golfers, similarly urges a slow start and postponement of maximum effort until after the first few weeks of the program. And, its instructions urge, "If you are injured, have an organic disorder or are recovering from a recent illness you should visit your physician before training begins."

Granted this moderation in approach, AMF may have a good thing. Equipment, which will sell for \$39.95 in pro shops only, includes an Isometer, which measures the amount of tension exerted and registers progress, and a weighted golf club that will give isometric exercises as well.

VERSATILE SPECIALIST

This is the era of the specialist and at Perman High School in Odessa, Texas there is a young man who specializes in just about everything.

On a recent routine afternoon Pat Brown spent an hour working with the track team, another 45 minutes slamming them out in the baseball batting cage and then eased off with a final hour of spring football training.

Last year, as a precocious sophomore, Pat Brown ran a leg on the fastest high school sprint relay team in the nation, did 9.8 and 21.2 in the 100- and 220-yard dashes, hit .425 as an outfielder and was unbeaten as a pitcher. Who says you can't win them all?

TANK CHAMPS

Ordinarily, there is an easy explanation for excellence in a team—recruiting, very often, or superb coaching, or special facilities. There is no easy explanation for the fact that Peekskill (N.Y.) Military Academy, the country's oldest military prep school, has the best prep-school swimming team in the nation. In the past two years it has lost only one dual meet—and that was against the best freshman team Princeton University ever has put together. PMA's coaches have broken or tied national records 49 times and have placed 12 men in 43 All-America positions while winning 51 out of 60 dual meets since Christian Sparks took over in 1958 as coach and guidance instructor.

continued

Q&A:

Is this the one? Is this the one bourbon that more Americans buy **than any other**? And that was the favorite of **Henry Clay & Daniel Webster & Mark Twain**? And that is mellow & tasty & smoothly modern and **that can make you a bourbonite**?



Yup

OLD CROW
the greatest name in bourbon

This is the new Buick Skylark Sports Wagon. It has a raised roof so you can sit tall, and a new kind of shaded glass so you can look up and out, and a forward-facing third seat. Need we say new?



yes.

A raised roof, so you can sit tall. And plenty of legroom for one and all. And heat- and glare-absorbing glass, so you can look up and out. Obviously, this is one nine-passenger wagon that won't see six people fighting to sit up front.

yes.

A third seat that folds flat. You can take it with you, too, no having it out when you have a load to haul. With second and third seats down, you have 77.9 cubic feet of space. Not enough? We just happen to have extra-cost roof racks.





yes.

A forward-facing third seat, for safety and so the last people in don't feel left out. And there's still lots of loadspace left behind that third seat. If you carry more cargo than people, you can get a two-seater version! To think all it took was a raised roof!

no.

Not the tried and true Skylark name. The whole package rides on a 120" wheelbase, spaced along by a 200-cu-in Wildcat V-6, and cradled by that famous Buick ride. See the Skylark Sports Wagon at your dealer's. Above all, it's a Buick.

Buick is a trademark of GM Corp.



Skylark





A sparkling Daiquiri awaits a thirsty guest at Puerto Rico's Dorado Beach Hotel.

How to make a professional Daiquiri at home in 30 seconds flat with dry, light Puerto Rican rum

—a tip from the Daiquiri experts at the Dorado Beach Hotel in Puerto Rico

EVERYBODY agrees that a Daiquiri is delightful. But some people think it takes a professional to mix one like the frosty beauty in our photograph.

"Not so," say the experts. "Anyone can make a perfect Daiquiri at home—in 30 seconds flat." The secret: Puerto Rican rum plus Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix.

Why Puerto Rican rum? "No other rum is dry enough," the professionals explain. "Puerto Rican rum is distilled at high proof for extra dryness, then aged

in oak—it's the law in Puerto Rico."

The Daiquiri Mix is for speed. It saves you the time and bother of squeezing limes. And its pure tropical lime juice heightens the *true* Daiquiri flavor.

Become an overnight Daiquiri expert yourself. Tonight. Here's how:

30-second recipe: ½ oz. Daiquiri Mix, 1½ oz. of white Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice. Serve in cocktail glass. **NOTE:** If Daiquiri Mix isn't available, use ½ oz. fresh lime juice plus scant tsp. of sugar.



NEW: Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix—for fastproof Daiquiris in 30 seconds. At food or liquor stores. Daiquiri Mix is distributed by Wilbur Ellis Co., 800 Second Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

FREE: 20-page color booklet with 31 rum recipes. Write: Puerto Rico Rum Recipe Booklet, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 19.



Sparks and his team are handicapped by the fact that military and academic requirements limit practice to 90 minutes a day four days a week. This, compared to the long hours of workouts that most schools require, makes the Peekskill record all the more a mystery. The team now holds 11 national prep-school records. Carl Robbe, former PMA student now at Michigan, broke the 200-meter butterfly world record. Steve Rerych, a 6-foot-6 senior from Paterson, N.J., has held 11 national records and recently won his sixth gold medal in the Eastern Interscholastic championships.

The answer may lie in Sparks's methods and preparation. He has introduced a system of isometric exercise, for one thing. For another, he put in a year under Yale's famous Bob Kipphuth, who seems to be pretty good at coaching coaches as well as swimmers.

UNCLASSIFIABLE

Hovercraft, a vehicle that travels by hovering above ground or water on a self-generated cushion of air, is now available in Britain. A 14-foot version, complete with lift motor, a 40 hp outboard engine (for propulsion while actually in water) and trailer (for conventional highway towing) costs only \$2,700. Union Dynamics Ltd., its maker, says anyone can solo after just a few minutes of instruction. And in uncomplicated, sensible England, no operator's license is necessary. Officially, the thing is an aircraft but Britons know full well it is not—any more than it is an automobile or a boat.

RELATIVITY UPSIDE DOWN

In the *New Mexico Lobo*, student newspaper of the University of New Mexico, there appeared a classified advertisement this week. It read as follows:

"UNM student has decided skiing too dangerous; selling entire outfit: boots, skis, bindings, poles. Best offer accepted. Money needed for sky-diving kit."

THEY SAID IT

- Casey Stengel, asked if Mexico City's altitude bothered his players after the Mexico City Red Devils beat the Mets 6-4: "Not a bit; we lose at any altitude."
- Jack Montgomery, assistant pro at the Ridgely Country Club in Fort Worth, asked what he did when he spotted a couple of foxes on the golf course: "I reported them to the house committee—neither was a member."

END

Take Keds 'Court King,' for instance. It was made for tennis pros, but it walked right off the courts and became a great all-around casual. Small wonder. 'Court King' has the cleanest lines, the smoothest fit, the greatest feel you could want. Plus a traction sole and a reinforced construction that make it wear much longer. Be sure to ask for U.S. Keds 'Court King.' Lace-toe (as shown) or regular oxford style.

LOOK FOR THE BLUE LABEL*



United States Rubber

DRIVEN BEYOND DIGNITY

by ERIC WHITEHEAD

A practice session of Japan's world champion women's volleyball team is thrown open, for the first time, to a non-Oriental newsmen—who is chilled by the fanatical striving that he witnesses

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T. TANIGUCHI



Just minutes out of Tokyo on the 7 a.m. flight, the great white cone of Fujiyama slides majestically past the starboard wing and then dims in the distance as you drum southward toward Osaka. In Osaka barely an hour later, you hire a cab for the drive to the neighboring town of Kaizuka—a two-hour journey to what will prove to be a profoundly shocking experience.

I had come to see the sensational Nishibo Kaizuka women's volleyball team: world champions, winner of 137 consecutive contests since 1960 and the favorite to retain its upstart mastery over the powerful Communist bloc—long the hotbed of world volleyball—at October's Tokyo Olympics.

Wildly acclaimed in packed arenas from Warsaw to Tokyo and now hailed

as the new idols of Japanese sport, the girls are nicknamed the Kaizuka Amazons. The name does not remotely prepare you for what you find when you drive through the gates of Kaizuka's huge Dai Nippon spinning mill, where the Amazons work and play.

Whisked to a cluttered reception room jammed with souvenirs and trophies, I met the coach, Hirofumi Diamatsu.

continued

One of volleyball's Amazons lies sprawled after all-out lunge for ball deliberately thrown short by Coach Diamatsu (right) in rare public practice.



Diamatsu, 43, is a short, lean, muscular man with a shaggy crew cut over cold features. Talking softly through an interpreter, he told about his team.

His 16 volleyballers are the pick of 1,242 girls employed in the Dai Nippon mill in Kasuka. They live here with the

petitive tours, when things get, if anything, a little tougher. On the seventh day, Sunday, the office is closed, and practice sessions are even longer.

Except for a one-week break around Eastertime, this is the routine, year in and year out. Says Coach Diamatsu:

So I had lunch, toured this vast, ultra-modern textile plant, and then promptly at 4 adjourned to the gymnasium. It is a bleak, chill, poorly lit building heated by three small charcoal pots. The girls are already on the floor. They are big, strong, rangy, averaging around 5 feet 7. Their fingers are heavily taped and they wear knee and elbow pads. Engaged now in a playful, boisterous scrimmage, they move the ball with an astonishing acrobatic dexterity and slam it across the net with a jarring power, screaming in shrill unison at every "kill."

The scrimmage switches to a warmup drill in which an assistant drives them through a grueling, nonstop half hour of dives, rolls and tumbles. Then Diamatsu takes over. He mounts a platform at center net, flanked by a huge wire basket filled with balls, tended by a girl assistant. The squad queues in separate lines at opposite ends of the gym's rear wall, facing the net.

Diamatsu signals, and in rapid rotation the girls charge toward the net, crisscrossing from their respective corners. With the ball girl feeding him swiftly, silently, Diamatsu swings his fist in a swift, rhythmic motion, slamming the balls first to one side and then the other as the girls come charging in. The balls are aimed deliberately short so that the girls must hurl themselves headlong in a desperate, often futile attempt to retrieve and keep them in the air. They land jarringly on their chests and shoulders, then roll out and recover with a sprawling, judo-like somersault.

As each girl recovers, she dashes back to the wall to charge in immediately for the next retrieve, sometimes as many as six times before the next girl comes hurtling in.

An hour of this and the girls are sweat-soaked, soiled and gasping with the exertion. After two hours Diamatsu, expressionless, his arm still swinging like a piston, closes the range. He now imparts a vicious spin to the ball. A heavy-set girl lumbers in, overcharges, slams onto her shoulder and grimaces in pain as she hobbles drunkenly back to the wall, where she bends in agony. Diamatsu, his motion unbroken, is now gibing softly.

"If you'd rather be home with your mother, then go. We don't want you here."



Warmly wrapped and attended by team captain, coach directs long workout in unheated gym.

other girls in the austere company dorms, work in the company office, average \$50 per month take-home pay after board. They rise each weekday at 7, work from 8 until 3:30, change and are in the company gym by 4. There they practice non-stop until midnight, six days a week, 51 weeks a year—barring road time on com-

"There is time for nothing else. The players know absolutely no other life. They do it because they choose to. The preparation for winning is a personal, individual challenge. It is accepted without question."

Ah, but then, I said to myself, it's only volleyball, played by girls.

Another girl hurls to the floor, goes sprawling across the court and hits an ankle against an iron bench with a sickening crack. She is sobbing as she limps back to the wall.

"There's a South Korean team in town. If this is too tough for you, maybe you should go and play with them," says Diamatsu.

It is 7 o'clock now and the girls' supper is wheeled in in metal urns: rice, meat and fish. Diamatsu ignores it and quickens the pace. His grim, wild-eyed intensity is frightening. His face is still a mask, but it is strained and beaded with sweat. Now many of the girls are openly sobbing, their faces distorted with the agony of effort and the physical punishment. But they keep staggering in, and the food sits for half an hour before Diamatsu gives a curt signal and the first-team girls—always the first to eat—go to the urns. The others shift to a brisk scrimmage as Diamatsu goes to the sidelines for his own meal, which is served to him by a ball girl. As he dines he is even more chilling to observe, for now one seems to see in him the cool arrogance of a despot.

After 10 minutes the first team is back on the floor with Diamatsu, who has left his supper half-eaten. The second-stringers now sit down to the rest of the cold food. Minutes later they too are back. At 10 o'clock—they have been practicing six hours now—they switch to what I was told is a drill to "test the spirit as well as the body."

In this drill girls are singled out and subjected to a merciless bombardment aimed purposely, diabolically, well out of reach. This goes on until each lurching, sobbing girl is utterly exhausted, plainly driven to the absolute maximum.

It is now midnight, eight hours gone, and it should be all over, but one girl, the weeping wretch who cracked her ankle, has displeased Diamatsu. She is called out and now defends herself desperately with forearms and elbows as he shells her again and again and yet again from close range.

At 9 a.m. the next morning, barely eight hours after the girls had staggered back to their dorms, I visited the mail office and, incredibly, they were already at work. Dressed in neat blue smocks, they have been here as usual since 8, demurely fingering the abacus

board, filing, answering the telephone. Diamatsu sits nearby at his office manager's desk, engrossed in accounts. That these serene young women are one and the same with the wild-eyed creatures I had seen just a few hours ago brutalizing themselves almost beyond hu-

man dignity seemed truly unbelievable. Little stories like hers tell the big one. Two years ago, at age 28, Masae was in love and engaged to a young man from Osaka. She had a choice: marriage and a home, or a continuation of the daily torture under Hirofumi Diamatsu. She chose the latter, for at the 1964 Olym-



Bandages on player cover feminine fingers pounded raw in drills despite protective gloves.

man dignity seemed truly unbelievable. Not quite all of them are here. It is explained that four are at the mill hospital getting treatment. They are expected back at work by noon and, of course, in the gym at 4, with the others.

The team's captain, tall, graceful Masae Kasai, smiles shyly from her desk.

pics the glory of Japan will flicker again, and glory is everything.

Perhaps Masae had said it all the previous night when I asked her about the team's chances at the Olympics.

"You must understand," she said gravely. "We have never experienced defeat. We must win."

END

A LARGE FIELD OF UNFAVORITES

With no superteam dominating the entries in the National Collegiate basketball tournament, the four that fight their way to the semifinal round this week will come through scarred and battle-weary. Here, on their records and potential, are those likeliest to be alive when the show moves on to Kansas City **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

There is much deep thinking just now about which team will not win the NCAA basketball championship. Defending champion Loyola will not, of course, because it does not have Jerry Harkness and has proved it can lose without him. Texas Western will not, because it has Jim (Bad News) Barnes—no one else, just Bad News Barnes. UCLA will not, because only two teams in history have ever gone undefeated up to and through the tournament. (The odds against UCLA, therefore, are just enough to make a fool part with his money.) Michigan will not, because it has only one starting senior (inexperience is next to uncleanness and ungodliness as a troublemaker). Kentucky and Duke will not, because they have only white boys on their teams, and every coach knows you need a Negro or two to achieve socio-athletic excellence and keep the pickets away.

In this definitely indefinite state, with many fine teams and no monoliths like the Cincinnati and Ohio State championship teams of recent years, the NCAA began regional playoffs this week. But if there was doubt that any entrant could make it all the way to the finals in Kansas City on March 21, there was also the excitement of the alternative: almost any entrant could.

And any entrant with half a nickel's chance was claiming that chance, or taking no chances. Wichita players who had bragged how they were going to walk right through the NIT just before they got bombed out in the first round last year, stopped talking altogether. Duke, less fatalistic, revved up for its Atlantic Coast Conference championship games—the Blue Devils won them all with breathtaking ease—by playing the pop favorite, "Going to Kansas City," nonstop as a blaring punch in their locker room. Oregon State Coach Slat Giff firmly declined a newspaper's proposal to do a series on his career—"It might jinx us"—and slipped off to Los Angeles to get a bead on likely opponent UCLA, practically bumping elbows with Seattle Coach Bob Boyd,

who was there doing the same thing. Nell Wooden, wife of the UCLA coach, had the perfect antidote for sneek bite—two lucky acorns tucked permanently in her purse. Kansas State Coach Tex Winter, meanwhile, revealed that he had worn his lucky brown suit through nine straight victories and would not change now even if Kansas State got to the finals and found Kentucky Coach Adolph Rupp was there in his lucky brown suit. It is an interesting prospect, but an awful lot to ask of brown.

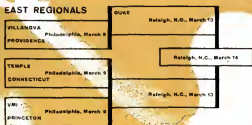
In the final weeks of the season, no one was quite sure which team to worry about. Under Coach John Wooden's gentle care and with Guard Walt Hazzard's glittering craft, UCLA had beaten everything in sight, but the view is limited on the West Coast, where competition is not the keenest. Loyola came strong after a slump. Michigan experienced a dulling at the finish. San Francisco looked third-rate, losing four of its first eight games, then won 18 in a row and gave Coach Pete Peletta a first-rate ulcer. "This team," said Peletta, "is frustrating." At Lexington, Coach Rupp, uneasy in his living-room easy chair, leaned forward to ask of a traveling man: "Tell me the truth. How do we stack up against Michigan and UCLA and those people? Don't be afraid to hurt my feelings."

An unoptimistic appraisal might not hurt Baron Rupp's feelings nearly as much as the pairings hurt his chances for a fifth national championship. Kentucky is bracketed in the Midwest Regionals in Minneapolis—the one with Michigan and Loyola. Winning in Kansas City will be no greater achievement than surviving in Minneapolis. Defending champion Loyola, for example, might easily have this kind of defending to do: beat Michigan and Kentucky in Minneapolis, then beat Duke and UCLA in Kansas City. The soft spot in a schedule like that would appear to be in the head of the man who thinks he could complete it, but Loyola Coach George (The Man) Ireland is indomitable. Loyola's chances are not

continued

NCAA Championship Pairings

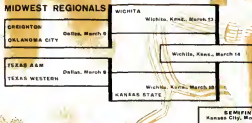
EAST REGIONALS



MIDWEST REGIONALS



MIDWEST REGIONALS



WEST REGIONALS



KEY FACTS ABOUT

A LARGE FIELD continued

as good as last year, however, because Loyola is not, because no team will take the Ramblers for granted, and because beating Michigan, Kentucky, Duke and UCLA in succession is impossible. The Ramblers have gotten over the graduation of Jerry Harkness and there are no better left-overs in the game than Jack Egan, Ron Miller, Vic Rouse and Les Hunter. They win on speed and quick hands and what Ireland calls a "love affair with the basket," but they are not so sharp defensively—they have had to abandon the full-court press—and they miss Harkness' abilities on offense.

Ireland has been trying to get Michigan to come play in Chicago for 13 years. Now he must play Michigan in Minneapolis, and in those other 12 years Michigan would never have come out looking like the Green Bay Packers. In admiration of the new image, Michigan Coach Dave Strack says, "We used to dress up in our blazers on a trip and people thought we were the Michigan glee club. Now at least we look like a basketball team." Michigan looks like a winner, too, with its size and unequalled power. It has the deadliest one-two punch in college basketball in Jazzy Cazzie Russell and Center Bill Buntin. It has also played much of the season with a peculiar detachment, as though it were only looking ahead to the day it could get back at UCLA for the 18-point drubbing it took in Los Angeles last December. Michigan does not have a weakness worth calling a quorum about. But Captain Bob Cantrell, at 5 feet 10 the only normal-size man on the team, is the only starting senior. Sophomore Russell has, in his exuberance, been known to make a mistake or two. And the scoring, after Russell's 24.6 point average and Buntin's 23.8, drops abruptly to Oliver Darden, 10.1, and Larry Tregoning, 9.5. The more obvious facts are these, however: Buntin and Darden are 6 feet 7, Tregoning and Russell are 6 feet 5, and they all play rough.

Both Loyola and Kentucky have more experience and handle the ball better than Michigan. Kentucky Coach Rupp also has the great Cotton Nash and his new fan favorites, the Katzenjammer Kids, Tommy Kron and Larry Conley, plus a workable 1-3-1 zone. But, ominously, Kentucky was done in by a height disadvantage in a late loss to St. Louis. Rupp will not say this is the equal of his 1958 championship team—"you do not compare a horse with a Derby winner"—though he is obviously fond of it. And there is always the possibility, as Adolph would be unwilling to deny, that a Kentucky opponent will get outcoached. ("When you see a man on top of the mountain," says The Baron, "you know he just didn't light there.")

Michigan is the most likely to escape Minneapolis and make the semifinals in Kansas City. There it will probably have to face up to Duke, a team with the same kind of hunger for Michigan that Michigan has for UCLA. Duke was slammed by Michigan 83-67 in December, and Coach Vic Bubas thinks there is more than just three months' improvement in his team since then. "We are good enough," he said last week in a final note of confidence, "to win the national championship." The Blue Devils don't have Art Heyman any more, and Heyman led them to the semifinals last year. But his leaving has served to unhibit Jeff Mul-

LOYOLA OF CHICAGO RON MILLER

Independent W 20 L 8
Coach: George Ireland

More casual on defense these days, the defending champions still like to run, with Jack Egan, a deft playmaker, leading the charge. They also set up around 8-foot-7 Les Hunter in the pivot and frequently use a double post. The two-way attack led by Miller, a superb 6-foot-2 leaper and shooter, averages 30.2 points. But the bench is weak and the rebounding too often erratic.



MICHIGAN CAZZIE RUSSELL

Big Ten W 20 L 4
Coach: Dave Strack

Big, bold and young, Michigan makes mistakes but has the muscle to command the boards and the aggressive swiftness to overpower opponents. Sophomore Guard Russell is the take-charge guy. He passes deftly, shoots long jumpers and even drives the baseline. Six-foot-7 Bill Buntin and Oliver Darden are strong rebounders. A tough Big Ten schedule has been good seasoning.



UCLA WALT HAZZARD

Big Six W 20 L 0
Coach: Johnny Wooden

Unbeaten and ranked No. 1 most of the season, UCLA has used a simple formula for success. Lacking size up front, the quick Bruins just harass their opponents with a ball-grabbing zone press and run over them with a withering fast break. Hazzard, who passes with the touch of a fare dealer, and Gail Goodrich do the scoring. Some weak rivals may have inspired overconfidence.



DUKE JEFF MULLINS

Atlantic Coast W 20 L 4
Coach: Vic Bubas

Duke's strength is threefold: domination of the boards, scoring balance and strong bench. Jay Buckley and Hack Tison, both 6 feet 10, and Mullins, only 6 feet 4 but a fine jumper, snap up rebounds voraciously, and all three can score. Mullins averages 23.5 points. The Blue Devils prefer to run but are not disturbed by a slowdown. They defend well, with a pressing man-to-man.



KENTUCKY COTTON NASH

Southeastern W 21 L 0
Coach: Adolph Rupp

Although Rupp has spent most of his coaching life ridiculing the zone defense, he won with it this year. His kind, a scrambling 1-3-1 with fast-handed Tommy Kron at the point and All-America Nash in the middle, has been devastating. Kentucky runs when it can, otherwise prods opponents off balance with split-second screens. But a tall team could bother the Wildcats.



10 OF THE BEST



OREGON STATE
MEL COUNTS

Independent W 22 L 4
Coach: State 600

Because of weak-shooting forwards, State's controlled attack narrows down to Counts, an agile 7-foot inside whopper-dealer who averages 26.7 points and 16.5 rebounds, and Guards Jim Jarvis and Frank Peirt, who shoot from way out. The Beavers excel on defense—they gave up only 58.3 points per game—and lately have used a double-teaming full-court press with their man-to-man.



SAN FRANCISCO
OLLIE JOHNSON

West Coast W 22 L 4
Coach: State Polster

The Ducks like to control the offensive tempo, and the slower the better. On defense they play a pressure game. Johnson, at 6 feet 8, is a good rebounder and accurate shooter, but he has a tendency to pass off when he should shoot. Guards Jim Brovels and Joe Ellis can move the ball and score, too, but the team too often loses its poise and fails to press an advantage.



WICHITA
DAVE STALLWORTH

Mountain Valley W 20 L 5
Coach: Ralph Miller

Blessed with a tall front line, led by 6-foot-10 Nate Bowman, the Shockers rebound smartly and shoot accurately. They apply early pressure with a full-court zone press that falls back to a 2-3 defense. The offense is basically a fast break, with Stallworth, a quick, hot-shooting forward, the key man. The squad lacks depth, however, is often careless and must start sophomore guards



KANSAS STATE
WILLIE MURRELL

Big Eight W 22 L 2
Coach: Tex Winter

The Wildcats, although rarely impressive, make a practice of winning the close ones. Murrell, fast, elusive and a 22.3 shooter, supplies the scoring punch, while 7-foot Roger Sutter, more aggressive now but still no scorer, has toughened up the middle of a 1-3-1 zone. State has two serious weaknesses: it is vulnerable to a good press and does not defend well against a fast break.



VILLANOVA
WALLY JONES

Independent W 22 L 3
Coach: Jack Kraft

Without the height to overwhelm anybody, Villanova relies on its "ball" defense—really a zone, except that the man on the ball stays with it until the pass-off—to keep teams away from the basket. The offense, quarterbacked by Jones, a smooth ball handler but reluctant shooter, is based on screens to set up Forward Richie Moore and big man (6 feet 7) Jim Washington.

lins, the All-America forward who averages 23.5 points a game, leads the team in rebounds and presides over the senior class. Duke is also playing some real defense this year, and there is no more compelling sight than the biggest Devils of them all on the court at one time: 6-foot-10 Jay Buckley and 6-foot-10 Hack Tison. The Blue Devils average close to 50% from the field, and Buckley, the most improved, leads with 58.1. Bulus says it is there in the three Bs—board strength, balance and a bench. Duke will have three too many in Raleigh for Villanova and wonderful Wally Jones, its only real threat in the regionals.

Wichita must make it through the Midwest Regionals without Ernie Moore, a 17.4 scorer ruled ineligible for the tournament. The Shockers still come on strong, with Dave (The Rave) Stallworth scoring 26.3 a game, and with good size, good speed and a good bit of stick-to-it on defense. But they do not have a bench. Creighton, meanwhile, has 240-pound Paul Silas, the best rebounder in the country; Chuck Officer, who once made a game-tying basket from a kneeling position; and 5-foot-9, 145-pound Charlie Brown, whose uniform hangs on him like a flag. Creighton Coach Red McManus takes his defeats home and then to bed with him, but erratic Creighton will spare him that in the first round, if Brown does not get lost in the folds of his shirt. In Wichita, against Wichita, Creighton will lose.

Texas Western has a fine record (23-2) and Bad News Barnes, who is averaging 30.2 points and 20 rebounds a game. Coach Don Haskins says the "biggest bunch of malarkey" he has ever seen was the omission of Barnes from All-America teams. But Kansas State's Tex Winter will figure out a way to stop Barnes, and then it will be State—a strong finisher—versus Wichita for the right to go to Kansas City. There is much feeling between these two. None of it is tender. Though neighbors, they never play in the regular season (Wichita Coach Ralph Miller says State will not schedule him). In a match of Stallworth vs. K-State's Murrell the edge will be to Stallworth—and Wichita.

UCLA's first regional opponent could be its toughest: Oregon State, provided State beats Seattle. It is Coach Gill's valediction after 36 years at Corvallis. If that isn't sentiment enough to bring a tear and glint to the eyes of the Beavers, there is also the farewell of Center Mel Counts, whom one coach has called "the best seven-footer since Chamberlain." The Beavers, however, are erratic—they routed Idaho with a press and almost lost to Oregon with one. They lost to Cincinnati playing ball control, then demolished Cincinnati with a fast break. Against UCLA, Gill will have the advantage of being at home, at Corvallis. But it will not help against UCLA, which seems to have it all—guards, forwards, character, impetus and acorns. If Oregon State cannot stop the Bruins, San Francisco won't either, not even if Pete Peletta threatens to develop another ulcer.

UCLA Coach Wooden is not given to idle boasts, but there was nothing idle about what he was given to say last week. His is "a great team—a truly great team," he said. The prospect of a rematch with Michigan—in the finals in Kansas City—obviously does not frighten Wooden. Certainly it would delight Strack. If that is to be the dream match, it is, after all, what Kansas City is there for.

ENO

ering letter from White Sox General Manager Ed Short stating that I would not be allowed to write during the season.

"He can't be serious," Anne said.

"You've never seen him finger a dollar bill," I said.

I didn't sign the contract. I waited. I felt an immediate reaction to the contract on my part would not be seemly in the circumstances. After a couple of weeks I took a deep breath and wrote a letter to Ed Short. Just as I was finishing it, I got a phone call from Brent Musburger, a Chicago sportswriter.

"Are you going to be allowed to publish anything this season?" Brent asked, among other things.

"I'll have to call Short about it," I said.

"I'll call him," said helpful Brent.

He did, and newspaper accounts of his telephone conversations hit the streets just about the time my letter hit Short's desk. I was quoted, accurately, as saying, "Whether I play or not next season will depend on what is done about that clause. I couldn't publish at all during the season last year, and this time I'm going to argue." Short was quoted, accurately I guess, as saying, "We had that probation in effect with Mr. Brosnan last season and, prior to that, stopped Early Wynn and Nellie Fox from writing, and I don't see any reason to lift it." The stories also pointed out that my contract called for a pay cut, but that I had expected it and the question that had to be resolved was not money but permission to write.

My wife, with wifely candor, said, "Now you've had it. What are you going to do, get a job?"

"I've got a job," I told her. "I'm a writer."

"That's not a job," she said. "Ask Short."

The phone rang, and Short was there.

"Hello, Broz? I got your letter this morning. You took your time writing it."

"You took your time sending a contract."

"Well, I feel this way. If I have to offer a contract that a player might not like—a cut in salary or something like that—I don't send it out early because

continued



A stand-up writer in the Hemingway tradition, Brosnan composes as Broz kibbles.

I don't want to ruin his Christmas."
"Well, I didn't answer quickly because I didn't want to ruin your Valentine's Day."

The serious matter of negotiating a baseball contract usually must wait for such an inane exchange. It establishes an *Alice in Wonderland* setting in which logic is abandoned.

"I'll make this short," he said. This gambit is known in the trade as the Short Shift. He spoke harshly but with authority, as though reading God's word.

"First, you will not be allowed to write or publish what you write during the

"I think that's perfectly clear. Anything that goes on in the clubhouse and the dugout belongs there. If you've got two, three players writing columns, competing with each other in papers, it's bad for morale."

"Are you going to bar reporters? There are as many newspapermen as ballplayers in the clubhouse some nights."

"The press is different."

"Won't they print what's going on? What are you afraid of, anyway?"

"This is getting us nowhere," Short said.

"That's where we started," I said.

"Ballplayers are paid well enough that they shouldn't be doing things on the side."

"Ballplayers eat all year round. Aren't they entitled to a choice of jobs off season?"

"Will you agree to our terms?"

"No, sir," I said. "You're taking one job away from me and offering me a chance to gamble in exchange."

"All right. You're free to make a deal for yourself with any of the other major league clubs."

"What do you mean, 'free'?" I almost yelled.

"If you can find some club that will give us a player or even cash for your contract, you can do as you wish."

"That's not free," I said. "I'd be doing your job. You get paid for selling ballplayers."

"Well, there's nothing further to discuss," Short said. "Goodbye."

"Who discussed?" I said. "All I did was listen."

I hung up the phone.

"Now I'm a general manager," I told my wife. "It's the first time I ever heard of cattle being sold it's O.K. to go ahead and sell themselves as long as they turn the proceeds over to the rancher."

"I think you're getting the old squeeze play," Anne said. "What can they do if you don't sign?"

"Sit on their hands until March 11. Then they can sit on me. If I don't sign by then, the contract is automatically renewed on their terms."

"What kind of business is that?" she said.

"It's all part of the game, honey," I said.

"When are we leaving for Florida?" my daughter asked.

"Don't hold your breath," I told her.

Twenty-four hours later a germ hit

me, and I was in bed for three days. I had horrible daymares about having to pay for extended illnesses out of my own pocket instead of the ballplayer pension plan with its hospitalization benefits. Heartrending, maudlin reminiscences followed. Ed Short missed a bet by not coming to comfort me.

But glorious health soon returned, and I could hardly wait for the next round. *The Sporting News*, baseball's trade paper, published an editorial supporting my side of the argument. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED ran an item. And *The Atlantic Monthly* scheduled an article of mine for its April issue. Now I couldn't sign a contract without violating Short's Law.

On February 20, Short stirred. Brent Musburger phoned him, and Short told Brent that he had taken no interest in my contract for three weeks. But a while later Short phoned me and told me that he had contacted all the other 19 major league clubs—an act which he implied had been a waste of time. The implication seemed clear. If I insisted on publishing during the baseball season, I could not play in the major leagues.

"So," he said, "we'll ask waivers on you and give you your release."

The White Sox, flushed with second-place success, would give away a pitcher rather than give in to him. Even allowing for the big salary cut, Short was still willing to pay me \$24,000—if I would forgo the pleasures of publishing. The scheme of things demanded sacrifice, give up one job for another. Hung on a principle, I was free to meditate the high cost of principles. Moral satisfaction can be morale shattering.

"Goodbye sirloin, hello hamburger," said my wife.

"It's only money," I said helpfully.

A radio broadcaster friend of mine said he did not think that Short would let me go for nothing unless he felt certain that no other club would play me if I continued to demand the right to publish during the season. I knew the Reds wouldn't, nor would the Tigers. I called the Mets—New York is such a good town for a writer—but even they weren't interested.

"What now?" asked the inquisitive Musburger. "What can you do?"

"Advertise," I said. "Advertise, man."

I knew the proper medium for my selling message. *The Sporting News* had already chided Short, and everybody in baseball reads *The Sporting News*. Or



GM Ed Short: he worried about Christmas.

season. Second, I will not discuss salary terms. What we have offered is final. Third, if you don't accept this contract you are free to make a deal for yourself. If it is acceptable to us—if you get a player we like or even enough cash—we'll let you go."

"Beautiful," I said. "Look, you know that I make a living of sorts by writing. Now you're taking that away from me. I've been writing all winter, and I hope to market these articles when and where I can. I can't control publication dates. And anyway, what's your objection to my writing?"

"It's always been club policy not to allow players to write during the season."

"Why?"



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The people you hide it from will never know you're a Chivas drinker.



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Great Road Car



WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY WHEELER HOFMANN, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

they're supposed to. Writing good merchandising copy is a baffling job for the most skillful wordsmith. My problem was: How do you sell a pitching arm? Hoping for a laugh, if not a job, I wrote an ad (see page 24).

The mail brought an offer from the Italian Baseball Federation saying that Italy could use an experienced baseball man to coach that nation's entry in the European championships in September. "Bring your typewriter and write about Florence," the federation suggested. I was tempted.

A club owner in Kyoto, Japan, suggested that I come to Nippon and pitch for his team this summer. Boh Lenson, ex-Cleveland pitcher and an American contact for the Kyoto club, phoned me from Los Angeles and said, "They're offering good money, Broz, and they'll fly you and your family over and back and provide you with a house and all, I'll tell them you're interested."

"*Sucky* is better than *sirlon*," I told my wife. "If you like raw fish."

My wife, with Occidental charm, said, "Nuts."

From Kansas City, Charles O. Finley, who more or less automatically goes in the opposite direction from all other baseball owners, indicated that he was interested in the pitching arm I was trying to sell. He wasn't too keen on my asking price, however.

I was prepared to wait. Pitching staffs look their best at the very beginning of spring training, when everybody is a 20-game winner. Later on, when sore arms and failures develop, my ad in *The Sporting News* might read better.

Meanwhile, I was still waiting for my official release, a document that would mean that for the first time in 17 years I was not an employed baseball player. The red tape that binds player to club in professional baseball unwinds slowly. I could not reasonably expect it to reach me for at least a week. Ed Short promised to get around to it right after the Clay-Liston fight.

Liston pleaded arm trouble. Clay won, and Short got back to work. The postman ring again. This was it, I thought to myself, a serious moment in a man's life, a moment to remember.

"Registered letter for you," the postman said. "From the White Sox. There's 28¢ postage due."

That Ed Short! I had misjudged him. He has a sense of humor after all. **END**



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Small detail? Sure. We like to fuss with details because that's one of the ways word of Bell & Howell quality gets around.

For instance, the bulb that burns twice as long. One of our thoughtful engineers stuck a switch on the back of our 383Y Instant Slow Motion 8mm projector. Controls how bright the bulb burns. It lets you dim the bulb a trifle (your audience will never know!) and extend the bulb's life by 100%.

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The 383Y runs in reverse, in slow motion, freezes on a single frame, has a variable speed control, a zoom lens, and it threads itself completely, automatically.

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HOWE: THE WHO, WHAT AND WHY OF THE RED WINGS

Detroit's Gordie Howe not only is the game's finest player, he is an entire hockey team all by himself

by MARK KRAM

Before the current hockey season began, most experts predicted a third-place finish for the Detroit Red Wings. In mid-season, the Wings suddenly dropped down into a dismal fifth. Now they are back again, comfortably sure of a place in the Stanley Cup playoffs and more than likely to finish in third place as predicted. The explanation of this wavering history? A right winger named Gordie Howe (see cover) was briefly off his game and now is back in form again.

"There are four strong teams in the National Hockey League and two weak ones," says Toronto's sharp-shooting young center, Dave Keon. "The weak ones are Boston and New York. The strong ones are Toronto, Chicago, Montreal and Gordie Howe." For all their loyalty to Red Wing Forwards Alex Delvecchio and Norm Ullman, to Defensemen Bill Gadsby and Wayne Hellman, to Goaltie Terry Sawchuk and to rising Detroit stars like Doug Barkley, Red Wing fans feel the same way. When Howe is on the ice, Detroit's Olympia Stadium hums like an overloaded electric cable. Sparks fly among the audience, and—if statistics mean anything—power is generated in the team. Of the 114 goals scored by the Red Wings during the first part of the current season, only 15 were scored by Howe himself, but 54% were scored while Howe was on the ice. Since

forwards spend only about 30% of any game on the ice, the implication is clear: Howe makes the Red Wings go.

Few men have stood out in any game as Howe has in hockey. After 18 years and 1,301 games in the NHL, the mere statistical record is imposing enough: eight times on the All-Star team, six times on the second All-Stars, six times the league's Most Valuable Player, six times the league's leading scorer, holder of the record for most goals scored in regular-season play (563), for total points including playoffs (1,398) and so on and so on.

But the quality that has led all but the most sentimental partisans of the great Maurice (The Rocket) Richard to describe Howe without reservation as "the finest hockey player of all time" goes far beyond statistics. Its explanation may lie in the fact that Gordie Howe is fully alive only when he is playing hockey, for Howe off the ice and Howe on it are two different men.

Off the ice, Gordie Howe is a big, lumbering, bashful six-footer who mumbles inarticulately and wears an expression of almost permanent apology. The constant target of every intoxicated bore and loquacious "expert" on the fringe of the game, he answers questions in squirming monosyllables and avoids all contention. Only when pressed will he make anything resembling conversation, and then his efforts at lightness and hu-

mor are as clumsy as the movements of a child on his first double-runner skates. In what was for him a moment of rare good spirits after a victory in Detroit a few weeks ago, Gordie told a story about his father: "Some guys," he said, "came up to him and asked him if he was Gordie Howe's father. He said, 'Yeah,' and they offered him a drink. And that was all for him. They must have put something in his drink and then tried to roll him. That'll teach him. The next time anybody asks him if he's Gordie Howe's father he'll say, 'No, never heard of the bum.'"

Although he is now, along with Bill Gadsby, an assistant coach of the Red Wings, Gordie is rarely seen in the company of the club brass. He much prefers the society of his fellow players. When he finally broke The Rocket's longstanding record of 544 regular-season goals in November of last year to become the league's all-time top scorer, his first reaction was: "Thank God that's over. It was getting so the boys wouldn't even have a beer with me." He should have said two beers, because that's all he ever drinks.

So much for the Gordie Howe who wants to be just one of the boys. Once the whistle has blown, another Howe appears, who differs from the first as a mountain from a plain. This Howe has been variously described in a poll of coaches as the smartest player, the finest



SERVING A MAJOR PENALTY at thousands of Madison Square Garden, Gordie Howe has time to study the problem of how he got caught.

TONY TRIBIO

pavior, the best playmaker, the slickest puck carrier and the ablest stick handler in hockey. "He is," according to a long-time opponent, "everything you would expect the ideal athlete to be. He is soft-spoken, deprecating and thoughtful. He is also the most vicious, cruel and mean man I've ever met in a hockey game."

"The trouble is he knows how to shade the rules," says one player on the Chicago Black Hawks. "You do something to him, he won't let on you got to him. But when you come out of the next scramble, you've got four or five stitches you don't know how you got."

A few seasons back the Rangers' Lou Fontinato, then thought of as one of the league's genuine tough guys, slammed Howe into the boards rather too forcefully. Howe objected. Fontinato squared off, and Howe dropped him with a right, smashing his nose. When *LIT* later published a picture of the smashed nose, New York's Coach Phil Watson claimed dejectedly that it had shattered the spirit of his club for the entire season. Despite an even temperament and a real distaste for combat, there is a part of Howe the hockey player that is calculatingly and primitively savage. He is a punishing artist with a hockey stick, slashing, spearing, tripping and high-sticking his way to a comparative degree of solitude on the ice. During a recent nationwide TV essay on the rough, tough Black Hawks, Chicago Coach Billy Reay was heard to moan between the periods of a game with Detroit: "What's the matter with you guys? Are you afraid of that guy Howe? Why doesn't someone bust him?" Nobody did.

At 35, Howe's hair is graying, but his body is still sleek and hard. His shoulders dip down like the sides of a mountain, and his arms dangle loosely like the long limbs of a dead tree. He admits to losing a step in his long, rhythmic, economical skating stride, but his skating remains, along with his brilliant anticipation, a striking and captivating

Continued

feature of the game. Howe's face is smooth and lean and sharply defined, and one has to look closely to detect the thin, jagged lines of scar tissue that crawl over his eyes and lips and nose. In his career he has received more than 300 stitches in his face, he also has suffered the disappearance of an even dozen teeth.

"I had 50 stitches in my face one year," says Gordie coolly. "That was a

teen at three months and spent his whole youth there. To know Saskatoon is, in a way, to know Gordie Howe. A town of 92,400, all of whom disappear at 10 p.m., Saskatoon was founded by a temperance society. "Is there ever any excitement here?" a native was asked by a bored and discouraged visitor. "Well," came the answer, "we've had a whole rash of killings in the past two years."

Saskatoon is actually a friendly town whose small boys dream of a kind of violence found not in dark alleys but

ward lines and defense for both teams would go off and sit in the shack by the potbellied stove and warm up while the alternates played."

There in Saskatoon, one sunny afternoon a few weeks ago, 69-year-old Al Howe perched on the sofa smoking a House of Lords cigar and talked of his son. Mrs. Howe, a pale, gentle woman, sat across the room, her eyes alternating between Al and the wall. Mr. Howe is a proud, strong man who seems to extract great pleasure from the combat of words or just unstrained conversation. Mrs. Howe is quiet, talks softly and is a sensitive woman.

"Gordie was always such a big, awkward kid," said Al. "He was always so much bigger than the others. And always very shy. I can recall his brother Vic always yelling at him, 'Gordie, when are you going to learn to stand on your own two feet?'"

"Yes, he was always clumsy as a boy," adds Mrs. Howe.

"Hockey was the only thing in his life," Al went on. "Any time of the year, any time of the day you'd see him with a stick in his hand. He'd walk along swatting at clumps of dirt or stones. Once one summer I came home from work, and there's Gordie firing pucks at a barrel that was up against the side of the house. Shingles were all over the ground. I had to put my foot down on that. We were only renting the house."

"I remember the first time he tried to join one of the small teams here. They sent him home because he wasn't dressed properly or something like that. I was hopping mad. Ever since I've always told him to never take any dirt from nobody because if you do, they'll keep throwing it on you. That's the way life is. He's learned it all right."

"His first pair of skates?" ponders Mrs. Howe. "Let's see. I believe he got a pair when he was about 6. A lady came to the door with a bag of clothes she was selling for 50¢. I bought them, and Gordie jumped into the bag right away. He pulled out a pair of skates. They were much too big for him, but, I remember, he got four or five pairs of wool socks and got the skates on that way. From then on it seemed he was always wrapped up in hockey somehow. If he wasn't playing he was collecting syrup labels so he could get hockey cards. He got hundreds of them. We still have them put away upstairs someplace."

"He was a quiet boy," Mrs. Howe remembers. "The kids, because he was so

continued



MRS. BERT HODGES (TOP, AT GORDIE'S RIGHT) WAS HOWE'S FIRST MANAGER

had year. I only got 10 stitches last year. That was a good year."

The full roster of Howe's hockey injuries includes damaged knee cartilages, broken ribs, a broken wrist, several broken toes, a shoulder dislocation, an assortment of scalp wounds and a painful ankle wound. In a collision on the ice on March 28, 1950 (he was 21), he suffered a severe skull fracture, and he was in an operating room three hours while surgeons worked to halt a hemorrhage in his brain. Gordie dismisses them all with a casual, "Aw, it's not all that bad." And perhaps it isn't, for injuries are a part of hockey. And hockey is the major part of the phenomenon called Gordie Howe.

Jack Adams, now head of the rising Central Professional Hockey League and for 35 years the blustery monarch of the Red Wings, was the man who brought Howe to Detroit. "It's a million miles from Saskatoon," says Gordie, and he should know. Born in Floral, Saskatchewan, he was taken to Saska-

toon at three months and spent his whole youth there. To know Saskatoon is, in a way, to know Gordie Howe. A town of 92,400, all of whom disappear at 10 p.m., Saskatoon was founded by a temperance society. "Is there ever any excitement here?" a native was asked by a bored and discouraged visitor. "Well," came the answer, "we've had a whole rash of killings in the past two years."

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"Hockey was the only thing in his life," Al went on. "Any time of the year, any time of the day you'd see him with a stick in his hand. He'd walk along swatting at clumps of dirt or stones. Once one summer I came home from work, and there's Gordie firing pucks at a barrel that was up against the side of the house. Shingles were all over the ground. I had to put my foot down on that. We were only renting the house."

"I remember the first time he tried to join one of the small teams here. They sent him home because he wasn't dressed properly or something like that. I was hopping mad. Ever since I've always told him to never take any dirt from nobody because if you do, they'll keep throwing it on you. That's the way life is. He's learned it all right."

"His first pair of skates?" ponders Mrs. Howe. "Let's see. I believe he got a pair when he was about 6. A lady came to the door with a bag of clothes she was selling for 50¢. I bought them, and Gordie jumped into the bag right away. He pulled out a pair of skates. They were much too big for him, but, I remember, he got four or five pairs of wool socks and got the skates on that way. From then on it seemed he was always wrapped up in hockey somehow. If he wasn't playing he was collecting syrup labels so he could get hockey cards. He got hundreds of them. We still have them put away upstairs someplace."

"He was a quiet boy," Mrs. Howe remembers. "The kids, because he was so



Instructions: Clip along the dotted line

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big and clumsy, used to call him dough-head. Oh, how that used to make me angry. You know it means stupid, or someone who doesn't know anything. It used to bother him, but he'd never fight with the kids because he always seemed conscious he was so much bigger than them.

"He finished his eight years of grade school, but he failed two times in the third grade. He wasn't bad in school. He always tried. But the second time he failed, it took the heart right out of him. I remember seeing him coming down the street crying. I said, 'Sit down, Gordie, tell me what's wrong. Is the work too difficult? Don't you understand the teacher? Do you ask her questions about what you don't understand?' He said, 'No, ma, I don't want to bother her.' And then we both had a good long cry."

"He was the same when he got older," said Ab. "We were working on the job one day and it was a hot day. So at the end of the day Gordie comes by. The fellow I'm working with says, 'Ab, how about a nice cold beer?' I said sure and then I told Gordie, 'Here, son, go get yourself some ice cream and soda.' Later on we come back and there's Gordie sitting on the curb with the money in his hand. I said, 'What's the trouble?' He said, 'Aw, dad, I didn't want to go in there with all those people.'

"He hasn't changed too much since," Ab continues. "Once a girl was chasing him while he was playing baseball here during the off season. So they were parked one night out in front of the house, and the girl is telling him how much she thinks of him. Gordie, I can just see him, is squirming and then finally says, 'Well, if you like me so much, why don't you let me out of the darn car?'"

Howe was 15 when he first left Saskatoon to go to the Rangers' tryout camp. He had never been away from home before, and he had never seen formal hockey equipment. "I didn't know how to put on the pads and protectors," he remembers, "so I just dropped the gear in front of me and watched the others." When the others teased him about it, the miserable young Howe fled back to Saskatoon. While at home he was discovered by a Red Wing scout and sent to a training camp in Windsor, Ont., where Jack Adams first spotted him.

"It's been a long time," said Jack Adams when asked about Gordie Howe.

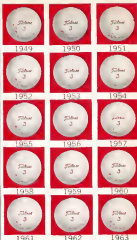
Then slowly, as if rolling the memories over and over in his mind, he added, "There was this day in Windsor and it was the first day I ever saw him. He was a big, rangy youngster who skated so easily and always seemed perfectly balanced. It tickled me to watch him. So I called him over to the boards and said, 'What's your name, son?' A lot of kids that age choke up when they start talking to you but this one just looked you in the eye and said real easy like, 'My name's Howe, but I'm no relation to that Howe over there.' He was pointing to Syd Howe, one of our leading scorers. I then remember saying, 'If you practice hard enough and try hard enough maybe you'll be as good someday.'

"After we signed Howe for a \$4,000 bonus," continued Adams, "he walked out into the hall. Later on I came out, and there he was looking kind of glum. I said, 'All right, Gordie, what's the trouble, something bothering you?' He said, 'Well, you promised me a Red Wing jacket, but I don't have it yet.' I felt like telling him: You want a hundred of them, go get a hundred of them. He was some kid. When he was 15, he was the best prospect I ever saw, and when he reached 17 he was the best pro rookie I ever saw. When he was 22 he was the best young major leaguer around. And now, well, he's the best hockey player anyone anywhere has ever seen.

They used to call him 'Power' on the club, and in practice a lot of the young players would just look at him sort of dumbstrucklike. During an exhibition trip when Howe was unable to play because of an injury, we lost at least \$10,000 at the gate. The one thing that always thrills me about his game is the way he keeps doing the unexpected. You can never figure what he's up to. And you always figure when he's on the ice he will tie the game or win it. He was remarkable under pressure.

"In the dressing room before a big game he was always just as cool as he was on the ice. Why, no matter what the pressure, he could pass a cup of tea on a stick across to another player and not shake a bit. He was a cool article all right. In one important game I remember Howe had the puck in front of the goal and was toying with the goalie. I'm hollering, 'Shoot, shoot, Gordie!' It was late in the game and I believe the score was tied. Finally, he slips the goal

continued



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GORDIE HOWE

in and we win. When he comes back to the bench I say, 'For God's sake, Gordie, what were you waiting for?' He says in that drawl of his, 'Aw, Jack, I knew I had him. I just wanted him to make the first move. I just wanted to be sure.'

"I tell you," Jack Adams continued, "I saw the famous long-count prizefight, and I've seen a lot of other exciting sports events in my time, but this fella Howe has given me the greatest thrill of all. And he hasn't changed a bit since the first day I saw him. I hope he never does. He's one of the most natural and unselfish persons I know."

Night after night when there is a game in Detroit, other Howe fans as un-bashed as Jack Adams gather in the dark corridor outside the Red Wing locker room in Olympia Stadium to pay their homage. They stand there waiting, the old ones and the young ones, all bunched together like people at an accident.

"Where's Howe?" a boy asked his companion in the corridor last week. "He's sure been in there a long time."

"Don't worry," his friend answered. "Ya ever seen him let anybody down yet? He'll be out."

Finally, the door opened again, and a big, sad-faced man moved out, his eyes blinking rapidly, his head bowed slightly. The left side of his lower lip was swollen. There were six stitches in it.

"Does it hurt, Gordie?" some joker yelled.

"Ya ever see anything like it?" an old man asked as Howe moved down the line of people signing autographs, shaking hands, talking softly, never smiling. "What a wonderful boy! Why, he'll be here a half hour before he's through with this gang. And with that bad lip and all."

"Hey, big guy," a fan shouted from the rear. "Give us a smile."

But the Big Guy does not smile, because there is nothing particularly funny about getting whacked on the lip with a stick in the last 26 seconds of a game that is already won, nothing very funny about waking up in the morning with that lip throbbing and that 35-year-old body aching even if you are Gordie Howe—Howe of the Red Wings, who makes \$40,000 a year and lives with his wife, Colleen, in a \$50,000 ranch home that is a long way from a 50¢ pair of skates and a "doughhead" alone on a dark rink in Saskatoon.

END



Gordie Howe, the greatest hockey player in the world, is a Rand shoe fan.



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Just like a dog with its Roman nose and graceful curves, the Beetle has a beauty that is more than skin deep.

WHEN THE SHAD COME HOME FROM THE SEA

Paintings by Francis Golden

*F*or a fisherman, springtime and shad are synonymous. The shad, for its size, is a surprisingly powerful fish, as exciting to catch on light tackle as it is delicious to eat. Great schools of these iridescent, deep-bellied fish spawn every spring in tidal rivers on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and when they are in the mood—usually at the peak of the spawning run—shad strike readily at tiny artificial lures. To northern fishermen especially, shad are harbingers of the warm, full days of the fishing season. And after the numbing cold of winter, escape to a shad river is a delightful experience. One can catch enough fish for dinner and then sit back and enjoy the scene that seemed to take so long in coming.



*T*rolling a palm-lined channel on a lazy March afternoon, boats filled with fishermen disturb



the quiet of Florida's placid St. Johns River. Some 75,000 shad are caught here on rod and reel each year





A Anchored in Virginia's narrow, secluded Mattaponi River in the shade of budding pin oaks,



willows and loblolly pines, a spin fisherman coaxes a tender-mouthed shad out of the fast-running water

Pressed together in great schools, the spawning shad congregate in May and June at Enfield



Rapids on the Connecticut River. They are caught near the shore and from boats anchored in midstream





THE HERRING WITH DERRING-DO

BY DUNCAN BARNES

For a stretch of 60-odd water miles between Lake Harney, east of Sanford, and jungled Lake Poinsett, a few seconds by rocket from Cape Kennedy, Florida's teak-colored St. Johns River (SI, June 25, 1962) winds placidly past palms, Australian pines and live oaks hung with lacy Spanish moss. Most of the year the river belongs to the egrets and gallinules and the Brahma and Angus cattle that swim from island to island to browse. But on sunny weekends in February and March an army of shad fishermen appears on this peaceful scene. They are the forerunners of fishing troops who go into action every spring on tidal rivers from Florida to Connecticut in the East and from the Sacramento River Valley north to Washington on the West Coast. The action lasts until late June on the Connecticut River and on the Columbia between Oregon and Washington. It is not surprising that thousands of exuberant fishermen pursue the shad, but it is surprising that this largest member of the American herring family has become a widely popular sport fish only in the last 25 years. In its northernmost ranges—British Columbia, Alaska and Quebec—the shad still has not been discovered.

Alosa (shad) *sapidissima* (good to eat), the common American, or white, shad, and *Pomoxilus medivra*, the hickory, or "jack," shad—which is distinguished by its protruding lower jaw—are best known to Americans as the bearers of shad roe. Millions of egg-heavy roe and lean back shad, fresh from the ocean and pressed tightly together in great schools, swim up the coastal rivers, and more than enough of them elude the nets of commercial fishermen to provide exciting sport for anglers.

Shad are readily available to those who troll from skiffs and outboard cruisers, and cast from piers and bridges and riverbanks. They are caught in open stretches of big rivers like the Delaware, the Connecticut and the Columbia, and quiet, remote streams like Virginia's Chickahominy, and even in such improbable places as downtown Richmond, where shad run up the James River past factories and railroad yards. Spin fishermen still catch shad in the Potomac little more than a stone's throw from the Lincoln Memorial, and not much farther from Mount Vernon, where a commercial fisherman by the name of George Washington once netted shad for the market.

The shad's annual spawning run north of Florida is heralded by the appearance of white blossoms on the service berry, or shadbush, an early-blooming shrub of the eastern spring. Along the riverbanks, the dogwood and the swamp laurel also are coming out, and the first red berries of the holly tree plop softly into the water. Ducks and geese migrating north seem to favor the shad rivers, and the air is thick with the smell of freshly plowed fields and cut grass. Few other sport fish in North America

can be caught in such pleasant surroundings. Consider, for example, the Mattaponi River, a tributary of the York River in Virginia. North from the sleepy hamlet of Aylett, the Mattaponi flows for miles through stands of pin oak, willow and loblolly pines, and the river is fed by spring freshets that trickle down red-clay banks. Hickory shad make up most of the sport catch on the Mattaponi, as they do in most Chesapeake Bay area shad rivers. They are taken on artificial lures from well-aerated eddies and riffles that swirl under the banks and around downed trees lying half in and half out of the water. Bird and animal life is abundant on the Mattaponi: colorful wood ducks flit back and forth, otters compete with anglers for shad, and muskrat and mink dens line the banks.

During the peak of the spawning run, shad are relatively easy to find. In clear water they can be seen moving smoothly against the current, breaking formation only to navigate around rocks and deadfalls and then reassembling again. Most of the shad caught on rod and reel are taken each year from the same stretches of water. To find schooling shad, a man need only ask at the nearest tackle shop or tavern. If that doesn't work, he can walk along the river until he finds a cluster of fishermen casting into or wading through moving water. If the shad are there, they will be hitting. If they are not, a man can always go back to the tavern.

Once located, shad can be caught on tiny metal spoons, spinners, bucktail jigs, flies and even plain hooks garnished with red beads. Shad, like salmon, rarely stop to feed during their spawning run upriver. Whether this is because of an urgency to reach the spawning grounds or because their instinct tells them that what they find in a river that passes through Hartford, Conn. or Trenton, N.J. may not be very palatable is uncertain. The important point for fishermen to remember is that shad will not take live bait in the rivers. Biologists think that shad strike at lures out of curiosity or anger, or perhaps in defense. Lures can be trolled slowly through eddies and rips, or cast upstream and across the current. Most strikes seem to come as the lure drifts downstream, and less frequently on the retrieve. Below Enfield Rapids on the Connecticut River, fishermen anchor and let their spoons and jigs trail out over the stern. The current keeps the lures off the bottom, and as they flash and wobble they are irresistible to shad.

Unlike most other sport fish, the shad seems to strike best during the daylight hours. Fishermen love him for it. "Shad keep bankers' hours," drawls S. B. (Jim) Crowe, who runs a popular fishing camp and boat livery on the St. Johns River. "When shad are really in—the peak of the season here is mid-February to mid-March—you can catch them all day long. They even hit well at high

continued

During June run a boat fisherman on the Connecticut River proudly holds a silvery shad to show the boys on shore



JACK KIRZ

SHAD *continued*

noon, when the sun beats down overhead and everything else slips into a state of lethargy. What else could a man ask for in a fish?"

Lesser shad populate rivers and some lakes the world around, but none compare with the American and hickory shad in size, succulence or fertility. Shad have been ascending rivers along the Atlantic coast for centuries and, before hydroelectric dams, pollution and unregulated commercial netting took their toll, shad were so abundant that commercial fishermen in Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland sold them for 3¢ apiece.

The shad didn't go west until 1871, when Seth Green, one of America's earliest fish culturists, packed some 15,000 Hudson River shad into 12-gallon milk cans, transported them across the country by rail and seven days later dumped the 10,000 that were still alive into California's Sacramento River. When those fish, and others transplanted by the U.S. Fish Commission in the next nine years, matured, some of them established new spawning runs in rivers as far north as Puget Sound. Six years after his trip west, Green wrote: "The shad is one of nature's best gifts to man . . . [and it] fairly cries to man for his assistance and protection." Not long after Green died in 1888, the shad was definitely on the wane, and it is only recently beginning to come back, largely because of the tremendous growth of sport fishing on both coasts. Even in the Hudson River, where there is no sport fishing, shad netters are more carefully controlled than ever before. The commercial catch of shad has dwindled from 50 million pounds at the turn of the century to 10 million today.

If the commercial catch has declined, the sport catch has more than tripled in the past 10 years, and the outlook for the future is promising. Pollution is being stemmed on some shad rivers, notably the Delaware, which once had the greatest spawning run of shad on the Atlantic coast. Last year Delaware anglers enjoyed the best shad catch ever. Fishways are also being built to move shad past dams to their spawning grounds.

The movements of shad during the short time they are in the rivers have been fairly well documented by biologists. They know, for example, that the main body of fish, normally more bucks than roes, come in from the ocean when the river temperature hovers between approximately 55° and 65° Fahrenheit. In most rivers the bucks arrive first and the roes follow a few weeks later. When the shad reach the upriver spawning shallows, they do not pair off quietly over nests, as do the more decorous bass and sunfish. Instead, several buck shad gang up on a roefish and ram her amidships to drive out the ripe ova. When they are spawning—usually from the late afternoon until midnight—wallowing shad can be easily seen and heard. Fishermen who are lucky enough to find spawning shad can catch them on almost anything.

An average four-pound roefish may expel several hundred thousand eggs, which are then fertilized by the buck shad in a hit-or-miss fashion. Within a week the fertilized eggs hatch into shad larvae, little wigglers with their egg sacs still attached. In one more week they are fully formed, free-swimming fry, still helpless but growing fast, and by the end of six weeks they are agile and hardy fingerlings.

"Once in the ocean, the shad is still pretty much a mystery fish," says Paul Nichols, chief of shad investigations for the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service's Bureau of Commercial Fisheries in Beaufort, N.C. "We are quite sure, however, that the main body of spawned-out shad on the Atlantic coast spend the summer and fall in the Gulf of Maine and then, joined by their offspring, move south. The shad apparently feed in deep water—some have been netted in 126 fathoms during their southerly migration. Then, as the water temperatures rise, the adult shad—those from 3 to 5 years of age—break away from the main concentration and move into coastal waters to seek out their spawning rivers."

Tagging returns have proved that shad, like salmon, steelhead and generally, striped bass, return year after year to spawn in the same rivers in which they were born. There are other mysteries. In the Edisto River of South Carolina,

in Georgia's Ogeechee and Florida's St. Johns—all burgeoning sport fisheries—shad spawn only once and then die before they reach the ocean again. On the St. Johns, thousands of pelicans line up on sand bars on both sides of narrow channels, waiting to scoop up spent and emaciated fish.

In contrast, the great majority of shad that manage to evade nets and lures north of South Carolina and on the West Coast often spawn as many as five years in succession.

As the shad attracts more anglers every year, the sport-fishing regulations get more and more out-of-date. In Florida the daily limit is 15 fish, and experienced meat fishermen consider it a bad day when each member of the family cannot get fat roe fish. Only a few sell their catch to fish markets, and those that take home 40 pounds of shad roe every day for a month would be hard-pressed to eat or give it all away. States like California and Oregon have no limits, and on the Sacramento and Mokelumne rivers in California "bump netters" go out at night and dip up tubfuls of shad with long-handled wire-mesh nets.

For all its endurance and fighting qualities, the shad is a fragile fish out of water and should be cleaned and sealed immediately. Removing the hair-fine bones from a shad is an almost impossible task and can be done right only by an expert. If a fisherman wants to eat his catch—and it is well worth eating, as these recipes indicate—he might do well to have the fish boned by the man in the local fish store.

GRILLED SHAD

4 pounds boned shad

MARINADE

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1 cup olive oil | 1½ teaspoon pepper |
| ½ cup lemon juice | ½ teaspoon thyme |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1 sprig parsley |
| | 1 bay leaf |

ANCHOVY SAUCE

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| ½ cup butter | juice of 1 lemon |
| 1 tablespoon anchovy paste | 1 tablespoon chopped dill |

Place shad in shallow dish. Combine ingredients for marinade and pour over fish. Refrigerate overnight. Bring shad to room temperature before grilling. Broil shad, flesh side up, in a preheated broiler about 3 inches from heat for 6 to 8 minutes, or until it flakes when tested with a fork. Serve with anchovy sauce. To make the sauce, melt the butter but do not brown. Combine with anchovy paste, lemon juice and dill. Serves 6.

POACHED SHAD ROE

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 2 pint shad roe | freshly ground pepper |
| ½ cup (1 stick) butter | juice of ½ lemon |
| salt | chopped parsley |

Heat butter in skillet until butter is melted and warm but not hot, place roe in pan. Cover with tight-fitting lid and cook over low heat 12 to 15 minutes, turning once. Transfer roe to warm serving dish. Season with salt and pepper. Stir lemon juice into butter and pour over roe. Sprinkle with parsley. Serve with chiffonade of sorrel. Serves 2.

CHIFFONADE OF SORREL

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1½ pounds sorrel | salt |
| 2 tablespoons butter | freshly ground pepper |

Wash sorrel thoroughly, drain and shred. Heat butter in a large sautépan, add sorrel and simmer until all liquid has cooked away and sorrel is limp—about 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Serves 2.

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PART 5: GOREN'S NEW FORMULA

BY CHARLES GOREN WITH JACK OLSEN

WINNING TABLE TACTICS

Most top bridge players define a "mistake" as any bid or play they wouldn't make. I don't share this lofty attitude, but I do have strong personal feelings on the subject of table tactics and table manners. It just seems to me that there are certain things one *doesn't* do at the bridge table, whether they are violations of the laws of contract bridge or not. Some of these errors will merely cost you points; others will cost you friends.

Perhaps my most extreme personal prejudice is against excessive drinking at the bridge table. It is difficult to take any sort of position against alcohol without appearing to be a prig, so let me emphasize that some of my best friends are two-listed drinkers, and I don't mind an occasional nip myself. Drinking can be good fun and bridge can be good fun, but together they produce neither good fun nor good bridge. How could it be otherwise? Whatever one can say in behalf of alcohol, it is not known for its salutary effect on one's judgment. And bridge is, first and foremost, a game of judgment. To say that alcohol enlivens a bridge game is to say that tying Gordie Howe's skates together enlivens his hockey game.

I also have a prejudice against excessive conversation during the play of a hand, although it is usually money in the bank for me. Constant chitter-chatter distracts most players, while I slip off into a silent world of my own, consisting of 52 cards and certain probabilities, and all the talk in the world can't reach me. But for the average player, talk is deadly; it disrupts his concentration and it changes the nature of the game. Opponents who talk through the

playing of a slant, for example, will make you rich if you can find enough of them. If possible, they will talk themselves out of making the hand. Why? You, as defender, usually have a lot less to remember than the declarer; you have only one or two cards with any potential for trick-taking. But declarer has to make all his cards good—or all but one. He is the one who needs silence, and he is the one who all too often doesn't provide it for himself.

After a hand has been played, it is often rewarding to talk about it, but the habit of the galloping postmortem is insidious. My personal opinion is that a protracted postmortem is rude unless it is clearly of interest to all four players. These two-man shouting matches between partners, with the opponents sitting embarrassedly by, are *de trop*.

Most such discourtesies could be avoided if players would remember that bridge is not only a partnership game, as everybody keeps saying, but a game of four. The opponents are not on the premises solely for the sake of providing you and your partner with an enchanted evening; they are also there to play, to have some good times of their own, and so you should get on with it. In a duplicate game, for example, it may be quite proper to spend several minutes in an effort to win an overtrick. In rubber bridge it is rarely worthwhile to spend your mental energy and everybody's time in a protracted effort to exhibit your skill by bringing home an extra 20 or 30 points above the line. The really superior player can make the most out of his edge by saving enough time to get in a few extra deals.

I frown on such dillydallying antics as automatically
continued

This study of the maestro—a weirdly lit, multiple-image collage—is Photographer Richard Meek's effort to suggest, all at once, Goren the showman, Goren the diabolist of cards and Goren the witty, forceful personality.





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exchanging hands with partner as soon as you have won the auction, so that each of you can sit there and nod knowingly while the poor opponents are expected to wait patiently until the mutual inspection is over. The thing to remember is that the defenders can't slide their cards across the table and ruminate on each other's bidding, so there's no reason why you should do it. I used to belong to a bridge club where this habit was ended thoroughly and completely, courtesy of one angry player to whom it was anathema. Whenever an opponent slid his cards across the table, this fellow would intercept the hand and fan it.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he would say. "I just saw that hand out there, and I automatically reached for it."

When an opponent would become angry and demand penalties, this man would fix him with a frigid stare and intone with majestic dignity: "And under what section of the rules of contract bridge do you claim your penalties?" There was no answer to that one, of course. Nothing in the rules of the game prevents you from grabbing a slapped-down hand, flinging it into the fire or exchanging it for your own. Players should keep their hands in hand; they ignore this at their own risk. The mildest penalty they court is that dummy loses his rights; he can no longer warn partner against revoking or leading from the wrong hand. The most drastic can come when a pair plays hands across the table before the last opponent has actually passed. The late Edward Hymes Jr. cured one pair of pass offenders by invoking the full power of the laws. Instead of passing, he overcalled the opponents' six-heart bid with a call of six spades. Having seen each other's cards, both partners were barred from the bidding; they couldn't bid six no trump, which they could have made. Nor could they even double—which turned out to be just as well, for they had not yet paid the full penalty. In fact, Hymes was able to make his contract even though, among other goodies, the opponents held the ace and king of trumps, because every card in each opponent's hand was exposed and subject to call.

Both sides were vulnerable and Hymes was South:

		NORTH	
		♠ 10 8 6 3	
		♥ 10 7 4	
		♦ 10 5 6 2	
		♣ 6 5	
WEST		EAST	
♠ A 4 2		♠ K	
♥ Q J 8 3		♥ A K 9 6 5	
♦ Q J 5		♦ A K 7	
♣ 10 9 3		♣ A K 8 7	
		SOUTH	
		♠ Q J 9 7 5	
		♥ 2	
		♦ 5 4 3	
		♣ Q J 4 2	

At hearts or no trump, East-West would need to lose only a club trick. With both their hands exposed, Hymes first called for West to lead the spade ace, dropping partner's king. On the spade continuation, South cashed the queen and jack and began exercising his right to select the defenders' discards. East was forced to discard the two top clubs. West's 10-9 of clubs were called to be played under South's queen-jack, establishing the 4-2. While these

were cashed, East was shorn of his ace-king of diamonds, and West of his diamond queen. Once more round of trumps required West to discard his jack of diamonds, and dummy's diamonds were good for four tricks, on the last of which declarer discarded his losing heart.

Was this penalty excessive? No doubt, even though no stakes were involved. But please don't admit that in your game "we don't play such strict rules. We only enforce the law about the revoke. And the insufficient bid. And maybe the lead out of turn. Or possibly. . . ." Well, who decides which ones you don't enforce? The bitterest bridge feud I was ever called upon to settle stemmed from a case where the Hatfields didn't think it was right for them to be forced to pay for a revoke when only a few hands earlier they hadn't insisted that the McCoy's pay the penalty for a bid out of turn. The purpose of the bridge laws is to prevent one side's mistake from costing the other side points. The purpose of having the book handy is to settle any argument before it can get started.

You can chalk up all the foregoing to an eldritch bridge player's personal crochettiness, if you wish. Your game won't suffer—at least, it won't suffer much—if you choose to disregard my personal rules of the road. But now let's look at some table tactics that can cost you points and plenty of them. For a starter, consider the way you sort your cards. You don't think it matters? Well, it shouldn't, but it does. Every now and then you will run into a sharpie who offends against the laws of the game in the following way. He watches very closely how you sort, and if you're not paying attention, he will soon be able to spot singletons, voids and other valuable tidbits of information.

The average player sorts his cards from left to right in alternating colors, something like this:

♠ A K J 9 ♥ 10 7 6 ♦ A J ♣ Q J 7

Now consider what you are telling a crafty opponent if this method of sorting becomes a pattern with you. He knows that the card on the far right is the lowest of its suit. Conversely, he knows that your far left card is the highest of its suit. And see what happens if your hand is shaped like this:

♠ 2 ♥ A Q J 9 8 7 ♠ A K Q 6 3 ♦ A

As soon as you play the deuce of spades from the left end of your hand, opponents know you are out of spades. (If the deuce is your highest, you cannot have any more.) As soon as you play the ace of diamonds from the right side of your hand, they know you are out of diamonds. (If the ace is your lowest, you cannot have any more.) These are oversimplified examples but not at all far-fetched. The left-hand card does not have to be a deuce to give your hand away. Suppose it is a 6, but one of the opponents, seeing his own hand and dummy, can account for the 5, 4, 3 and 2; then he knows you are leading a singleton. There are all sorts of variations on these possibilities, and a simple, straightforward way out of them: don't sort your hand in an exact pattern. And above all, never put singletons and doubletons on either end of your hand. It is also unsound to line up your trumps at the far right, as some players do. I am guilty of that myself, but only for the edification of kibitzers, a much maligned brood whom I like to encourage. Until you have a posse of kibitzers trailing you, you'd do well to vary your sorting.

continues

I don't suppose it is necessary to advise you to take care that you get all your suits together and don't mix your diamonds with your hearts, etc., or is it? A list of players who have committed this classic blunder would read like a *Who's Who* of bridge, and conspicuous on the list would be the name of yours truly. Stories about my own misplacing of cards are too painful for me to recount, so I will tell you about a hand that was played in Reading, Pa., where an old friend of mine, Dr. Leon Altman, heard his partner open with a bid of two no trump. "Doc" had enough points in his hand to jump to four no trump, but he raised the contract to a modest three no trump, which was immediately doubled and redoubled. Doc's partner went down 1,600 points, and explained: "I'm sorry, I had a card misplaced."

Doc asked innocently: "Only one card?"

In a tournament I sat East with another old friend, Percy (Shorty) Sheardown of Toronto, as my partner, when this hand came up:

NORTH			
♥	9 6 4	♠	A 10
♦	A J 9 6 5	♥	10 7 4
♣	8 6	♦	5 3 2
♠	10 7 5	♣	8 6 4 2
WEST		EAST	
♥	J 8	♠	A 10
♦	8 3 2	♥	10 7 4
♣	Q J 10 7	♦	5 3 2
♠	K J 9 3	♣	8 6 4 2
SOUTH			
♠	K Q 7 5 3 2		
♥	K Q		
♦	A K 4		
♣	A Q		

South was declarer at six spades. Shorty (West) opened the queen of diamonds, which South won in his hand. Then declarer led the king of spades, keeping his hand hovering over the table in such a manner as to leave no doubt that his king was a winner. He was visibly shocked when I took the trick with my ace of spades. He peered into his own hand and conspicuously moved a card from the end of the hand to the middle. Now everybody at the table knew what had happened: he had misplaced the ace of clubs at the head of his spades. He had thought he had seven spades to the A K Q and a singleton queen of clubs.

No better lead suggested itself to me, so I led back a small club. South took it with his ace and laid down the queen of spades. Both outstanding honors dropped, and the slam became a laydown. Shorty said later, "Sorry, Charlie, I could have beaten the hand. I should have led the king of clubs." South would have played his queen "singleton" on the trick, and by the time he discovered that his ace of clubs was in the wrong paw, he could never have regained that lost trick. Even sadder for our side, South probably wouldn't have bid the slam if he had sorted his hand properly, because he might well have feared the loss of two spade tricks.

Another thing to avoid is the prolonged hesitation, the trance, or, as it is sometimes called, the huddle. There are several types. There is the deliberate trance aimed at throwing off the opponent, as, for example, when a player holds

a singleton and wants opponent to think that he has more than one. Some inexperienced players are not aware that this is downright shady. I once asked an opponent why it took her so long to decide to play what turned out to be a singleton. She answered naively, "Why, Mr. Goren, I was trying to fool you." But the practice is grounds for expulsion from most clubs, as well it should be.

Another type of trance occurs when the player is trying to figure out, or count, the hand. For a reasonable length of time, this trance is perfectly permissible. On important plays like the opening lead, it is even recommended. But after that reasonable length of time is over, I say play a card, even if it's the wrong one. Nothing at a bridge table is so important that every other player should be forced to sit in squirming ennui while a great thinker thinks.

The worst trance is the informative one, a fraternity brother of the double that tells declarer where all the outstanding honors are. The informative, or Western Union, trance comes up most frequently when the player to your right is finessing against you, you have the finessable card and you're trying to figure out whether to play it or duck. Once you have hesitated, it makes no difference: declarer knows where the card is and can play accordingly. But if the declarer leads the jack through your king-deuce toward an ace-queen on the board, why spend five minutes puzzling over your play? You should have known the instant the dummy went down that this was going to happen, and you should already have decided whether to cover or duck. If you now play the deuce crisply and unhesitatingly, the declarer at least has been given the opportunity to go up with the ace in hopes of dropping a singleton king. A poor play on his part? Probably. But you've at least given him a chance to commit the error.

You should be able to play your cards at least one trick in advance, whether you have that mysterious quality known as card sense or not, and whether you have as bad a memory as mine or not. As defender, you should have a general idea of what you're going to do when it finally comes around to, say, that ticklish ace-queen of hearts on the board. As declarer, you should have some idea whether you're going to lead up to that king of spades in your hand or lay a trap for the opponents to lead up to it. These may be general guidelines in your head, but specifically you should always be one trick ahead of yourself. When you take a trick, you should have a definite idea of what you are going to lead next. And during the development of that trick you should be figuring out what to do on the following one. If I can do this with my inadequate memory, anybody can do it.

But not everybody does it. Consider how many times you've seen a player begin a finesse by leading low from his own hand. Next hand plays low, and now declarer goes into a long trance trying to figure out whether to go through with the finesse or play his ace on the board. This is outrageous and should call for a five-yard penalty for delaying the game. When this player started his finesse, he knew there were two possibilities to his left: the player would either come up with the missing queen or he wouldn't. So why should the finesser be completely taken aback now that one of those two eventualities has come to pass? But all too frequently he is, thus marking himself as the type of player

who can't think one trick ahead, or even one card ahead. Apparently he has led low from his hand with a single idea: that it will force the queen immediately. What if it doesn't? He hasn't figured that out yet. A glimmer of brightness in the picture is that you will not need any advice on how to win from this hapless fellow. Just follow suit and don't revoke, and the rest will take care of itself.

There is one type of player against whom it is often wise to go into a slowdown, even when you really have nothing to think about. This is the speeder and, like most of his ilk on the road, he, too, knows he's being naughty, but he pretends that it's all in the game. He takes plenty of time to figure his line of play, then pounds his leads down on the table with assembly-line rapidity, hoping to dazzle—and confuse—you. He seeks to give the impression that it's ridiculous to try to defend against this contract, but if you insist, let's get the boring thing over as quickly as possible. And down come his leads one after another, while his hand lingers over the center of the table waiting to scoop up the trick and play his next winner.

The way to handle the speeder is to sit back in your chair, light a cigarette, ask to see the last trick and ask the hostess for another cup of coffee before you play that 4 of clubs you were intending to play from the beginning. Now, of course, you can't do this with a singleton or if the effect of your hesitation would be to deliberately misplace a finesseable honor. That would be coffeehousing, and I am not recommending coffeehousing as a solution to anything. But when you can make an ethical pause and break up a speeder's rhythm, by all means do it. Most of the time a speeder is trying, consciously or otherwise, to get away with something, and he figures the best way is to rush you into an error. That's all the more reason for you to take your time and think. Be especially watchful when he has set up a string of cards and is running it. The end result of a long run of cards is often a squeeze. When you're a potential squeeze, you need all the clear thinking you can muster even while you still have automatic discards.

Often the speeder, in his boyish exuberance, grabs the trick and throws it on his pile before you've had a chance to see what has fallen. Sometimes he will go so far as to cover up his own card with his hand and rake in the other three cards simultaneously, trying to imply, "I'm just discarding junk from my hand, the same as you are." But when a squeeze is shaping up, it becomes all the more important to see what "junk" the declarer is discarding. When a speeder tries this maneuver on me, I simply demand to see the whole trick, card by card, and on the next trick I make the same demand. After this has happened a few times, he's lost more time by my demands than he's gained by his own sleight of hand, and he cuts it out.

A second cousin of the speeder, once removed, is the player who pulls out his card before it's his turn to play, as though to announce: "My play is automatic: I've got to play this card no matter what the rest of you play." This can be highly unethical, as, for example, when the player sitting there waving his automatic is actually getting ready to overruff. And when the play isn't unethical, it's revealing. The opponent may be trying to guess which way to finesse until such a kindly player shows him the way by flashing his automatic card.

A great deal of your behavior and your tactics at the table is of course directed at your partner and, as I have indicated earlier, the correct approach is a combination of courtesy and tolerance. If you play the game for pleasure, you will recognize instantly that any other approach is going to take the fun right out of the game for everybody. But treating partner like a human being is also the most rewarding method, no matter what your reason for playing bridge, because handling him gently will improve your score. As some of the leading pros have maintained for years, a big smile toward your partner at the beginning of every session is worth about 200 points per rubber.

Sometimes it takes iron discipline to put up with a difficult partner, but you'd better do it. Every now and then a strange partner will finish butchering a hand and ask me, "Could I have made more?" I have to fight down a burning desire to say, "No, not the way you played it." But I bite my tongue, and I say something soothing like, "You played it quite well."

Sometimes a partner will play a hand at two spades and make three when he should have bid four and made five, in which case I'll say something like, "Nice stop, partner. We'd have been down at a game contract." It may take us four hands to make rubber, but if I tell him the awful truth about his game he will become nervous and jumpy, and we'll be lucky to make anything.

The same is true of bidding. I've had people raise my opening bid when they had next to nothing. When dummy went down, they would say, "Well, I was told you were a good player." I suffered through a long evening with a partner like that, a lady who in all other ways led an entirely exemplary life. When she ramed my one-spade opening bid to two spades on a hand highlighted by the queen of hearts and a singleton 9 of spades, I commented, "Your response to my opening bid was one of the most delicate compliments I've ever been paid." There was the trace of a barb in that remark, and I would not have made it except that I knew she wouldn't catch on. Nor did another player, given to prolonged hesitations, to whom I once said, "Madam, that second hesitation was definitely an overbid." If the urge to make such sarcastic remarks simply overwhelms you, make sure you are playing with partners who won't get the point. With all other partners, you must obey Dorothy Dix's admonition. A woman wrote the venerable columnist that she had found a man she loved and they intended to get married, but she wondered if she should tell him about her false teeth. Answered Miss Dix: "Keep your mouth shut!"

There is even a certain advantage in having a partner who makes the same mistakes over and over. If you're paying attention, you will quickly learn what those mistakes are, and often you will be able to turn his mistakes to your own profit. But if you start educating him at the table, what will happen? He'll try to correct his errors; sometimes he'll succeed and sometimes he won't, and you won't have any idea what he means from that moment on. At least you *used* to understand him.

Back in the dear dead days beyond recall, I played with a man who always opened an ace if he had one and who never led away from a king. I soon learned that there was no good in trying to change him; instead, I saved my mental

continued

effort for remembering his foibles, and soon I had him down pretty pat. Whenever I cut him as a partner afterward, I became a defensive demon. If he didn't lead an ace, I knew declarer must have it; if he led a suit and the king didn't appear an dummy or in my own hand, declarer might as well have dropped it out of his hand; it was as surely "exposed." Even when my inflexible partner finally had to break his rule and lead away from a king, his anguish was revealing: obviously, he had to have all four of them.

Signaling is another technique with which an inferior partner can be manipulated to your own advantage and the opponents' sorrow. It is an obscure art to most players, like sword-swallowing, and the best approach is to assume that partner's knowledge is limited to high and low discards. Even that could be assuming too much: you may have cut yourself a partner who plays only Chaco Marx's convention: "If you like my lead, don't bother to signal with a high card. Just smile and nod your head." With him you may practice the fine art of the nonsignal, or the signal-that-isn't. Let us suppose that you cannot set a contract unless the declarer leads a club. So you discard a low club the first chance you get, telling partner *not* to lead a club. Partner, of course, is blind to this signal, but the opponent isn't, and he rushes in to take advantage of your club "weakness." You can use this nonsignaling technique to mislocate aces, indicate doubletons and voids when you don't have them and in general cast the opponents adrift on a sea of doubts.

What you can do about the superior partner, or the partner who *thinks* he's superior, is another matter entirely. You can never turn him to your own advantage, and all too often you can't shut him up, either. One way to handle him is to excuse yourself, grab a coat and go out the back door. This approach has one drawback: it breaks up the bridge game. The player who considers himself superior, and isn't, nearly always leads his partnership into consistent underbidding, and for a number of reasons. Mostly it just seems safer to underbid when you are facing a table tyrant, even though underbidding is expensive mathematically. You arrive at a contract of three spades, and you make four easily. Partner-tyrant may be annoyed, but usually he will restrain himself because, after all, 90 points are being chalked up below the line and his team has made *something*. But if you bid four spades and make three, partner is now incensed because the opponents are getting 50 or 100 points. Now he says, "Why in the world did you take us so high?"

There are many soft answers possible to turn away your partner's wrath, and the half-true ones are the best. You can point out that a game should be bid if it has about an even chance of success, regardless of vulnerability, and that the odds were in your favor. Tell him that you had put him into game because he played six clubs so well in the previous rubber. But on no account give him the real reasons; it might ruin your reputation as a nice guy to play with. You may have been taking the risk in the hope of finishing the rubber, because you desperately want a new partner. Don't tell him that. The rubber is not over yet and, anyway, you may have to play with him again someday. Or you may have stretched the odds a trifle because you happen to know that both your opponents defend badly, but it would be the height of tactlessness to say

so. One of them is likely to be your partner in the next rubber, and you do not want your partnership morale to start at zero. The most important single psychological element in rubber bridge is to make sure that your partner loves you and will be delighted whenever he cuts you in the future.

I have a friend who has been playing contract bridge only about three hours less than Harold Vanderbilt (who invented the game), and he still makes the same errors. My friend is almost immune to bridge; on occasion, he can even be counted on to forget the score. And yet I get along very well with this player because I jolly him along. I tell him how much he has improved: I fuss over him when he makes one of his rare (and often accidental) good plays. I pride myself on getting 105% out of him.

But what happens when he cuts a tyrant in a rubber bridge game? At the first insult from the other side of the table, my friend folds up. He overbids and underbids, leads the opponents' strong suit and fails to see any and all signals. And the rude tyrant who drew him gets just what he deserved: a poor result.

It is a shame we have to encounter such bores at bridge, a game that requires so little beyond good companions—a table, four chairs and 52 cards—to provide superb entertainment and stimulating mental exercise. On the other hand, if we didn't meet them, many of us might never get up from the table; and, indeed, I myself have been involved in marathon sessions that continued far beyond reasonable bounds.

The longest game I've ever been in began one night at the Wissahickon Bridge Club in Philadelphia, when I ran afoul of three of the youngest old men in bridge. Charlie Warner was in his late 60s, Dr. Shelley was only a few years younger and Dr. Kirkbridge was the baby of the trio at 56. They inveigled me into a game that started at 8 o'clock on a Friday night. At 2 a.m. this unholy trio suggested that we send out for coffee and sandwiches and play till dawn. We played till dawn and right through Sunday and into Saturday night, when we sent out for sandwiches and coffee once more. When Sunday morning's sun came up, and my head began to droop, my cronies gave me a verbal pasting for being "too old for this game" (I was 30). So I played on, until spades began to look like clubs and I didn't know whether I was playing bridge or lacrosse. Late Sunday night, after more than 48 hours at the table, I fell asleep right in the middle of a hand, and no amount of shaking or prodding by those bulldogs could wake me up. I never heard the end of that.

But if the two good doctors and Charlie Warner were still around and wanted to have a go at it again, they could count me in. Come to think of it, there's very little I would do differently, if I had another crack at life, and certainly I wouldn't miss that two-day session at the munificent stakes of a tenth of a cent a point. Or any other session with companionable players. When it comes to the noble game of bridge, I feel much the same as Talleyrand felt about the noble game of whist. The French statesman invited an aide to make a fourth, whereupon the fellow confessed that he didn't know the game. "Young man!" said Talleyrand. "You do not play whist? What a sad old age you reserve for yourself!"

END



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Since kings these days are granted less freedom to act than athletes, it probably will not affect Greek politics. Nevertheless, it seems fit and proper that the new King of the Hellenes, **Constantine II**, should have been the first man in 48 years to bring an Olympic gold medal home to Greece. As Crown Prince Constantine, the King sailed his Dragon class yacht to victory in 1960.

The man who led the *Bouty* mutineers was at it again, this time in aid of a tribe of resentful anglers challenging an ordinance of the State of Washington that forbids local redmen to fish in rivers outside their reservations. Actor **Marlon Brando** and a Puyallup Indian chum named Bob Saticum cast their drift nets into an off-limits river. They promptly were confronted by an irate game department official. "Are you here for the purpose of defying state law?" asked the officer. "I am here," said the Mr. Christian of the Northwest, netting his second steelhead, "to help the Indians fish, and if that is a violation of the law, then I am."

While other executive lunches are stuffing themselves with crab Newburg and Martins in midtown Manhattan, 63-year-old **Grant Keen** generally is working out in a local gym. Some kind of nut? Not exactly: he is the new president of Equitable Life Assurance, a company that pays out several millions a year to the widows of businessmen who ate too much and exercised too little.

Those fine old Kentucky gentlemen, **Hillierich & Bradsby**,

did not exactly say "How dare you, suh?" when Blue Grass Governor **Edward T. Breathitt** tried to buy a supply of Louisville Sluggers for Peace Corpsmen in Venezuela, but that was the general idea. "Take your money, suh, and buy baseballs with it," said the world's first firm of bat-makers. "We will supply the bats for free."

Alaskan Magistrate **Robert M. LaFollette**, whose grandfather, "Fighting Bob," was one of the "little group of willful men" that knocked Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations right out of the ring back in 1919, made his own debut as a fighter at the age of 37. Heavily pounded in the first two rounds as a novice heavyweight in the Anchorage Golden Gloves, he came on strong in the third, but—unlike his grandfather—lost the decision.

The Wilkinson that used to head the nation's fitness program is Bud, but another of the same name—President **Ernest Wilkinson** of Utah's Brigham Young University—has proved himself equally vigorous. Resigning his job—like Bud—to run for the U.S. Senate, Prexy Wilkinson, 64, refused to accept the gift of a letterman's Y blanket until he had proved his worthiness by stripping off coat and shoes and doing 47 push-ups on the spot (right).

"I suppose," admitted Secretary of State **Dean Rusk**, sadly as he gaped at the towering young basketball players of the Southern Conference, "that I was the last of the midget centers. I was only 6 feet tall." But the onetime star of Davidson College's 1931

quintet has not let his stature discourage him. Even now, he admits, he sometimes slips on that old Big D sweater and tries a few layups on his son's backyard court.

After zooming his plane under 15 Thames River bridges in a zesty moment 10 years ago, **Christopher Draper**, England's famed "Mad Major" of World War I, somehow managed to survive the fuss and regain his flying license. Now, alas, the exuberant fly-boy has been grounded for good—but not for youthful excess. A strong-minded female bureaucrat in the British capital simply decided that at 72 the Mad Major is too old.

Experts may argue the question of how Cassius Marcellus Clay beat Sonny Liston, but quiet little 45-year-old **Mae Coretta Clay** thinks she really knows. Every day when Cassius was a boy he pedaled his bicycle over to his Aunt Coretta's house and picked up four or five pieces of her secret-formula fudge. "He always claimed it gave him quick energy," says the champion's aunt shyly.

Doubling as a sports writer for Moscow's *Red Star*, Russia's "Golden Eagle," **Pavel Popovich**, was proud to report that cosmonauts make better hockey players than ideologists do. A team of his fellow spacemen, wrote Popovich, blasted a sextet from the Young Communist League right off the ice with a blistering 10 goals to 2.

In the first interleague player deal of the new baseball season, Casey Stengel has picked up (temporarily) one slightly used bandleader from the New York Yankees. Yankee Owner **Dan Topping**, in the name of aud lang sync, granted **Guy Lombardo** a "one-day release from your duties at Yankee Stadium" to play for the Mets at their opener at new Shea Stadium.

"Soccer has hit my country like a disease," says Saudi Arabia's Prince **Abdullah al Faisal**, himself a victim of the contagion. "I myself," added the wistful 42-year-old, whose four royal brothers and 20 cousins all play in his own Saudi Soccer League, "would watch it all the time, if I could."



Longer clubs won't help a tall golfer

The temptation for a tall player to buy extra-long clubs is a great one. He feels that since he is standing farther from the ball than the average golfer he should also use clubs that are longer than normal. I do not agree with this analysis. Because of the naturally longer arc of his swing, a tall golfer using an unusually long club will be putting too much stress on his ability to control such a big swing. After all, the farther you stand from the ball the harder it is to hit. The most effective club adjustment that can be made is not in the length of the shaft but in the club's degree of uprightiness. The taller a man is, the steeper the angle at which the shaft should enter the club head. With clubs that are the conventional length, but more upright, the tall player will be able to place the sole of the club head flat on the ground, as it should be, and still stand close enough to the ball to control the shot.

Conversely, a short golfer should not try to use short clubs but should, instead, try a set designed for a flatter swing. This enables him to put the ball farther away from him and thus increase the arc of his swing. Gary Player, who is only 5 feet 7, actually uses a shaft one inch longer than most of the pros on the tour. He finds that this extra shaft length regains the distance his small size tends to cost him, yet does not affect his accuracy. Gary is able to maintain his straightness—granting his excellent swing—because the extra length of his club does not make the arc of his swing too big.

It is the angle which the shaft makes with the club head that determines the suitability of clubs. The short man (above) needs clubs with a wider angle than the tall man (below). Note that the clubs themselves are the same length, but the short man has the ball farther away.

FRANCIS GOLDEN

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Sugar daddy with a bongo beat

In Japan, Urtimio Ramos shows again that he is equally effective against drums and other boxers



SUGAR SITS IN WITH FELLOW CUBANS

The typical traveler on a first visit to Tokyo finds it hard to resist the tourist attractions of the world's largest city: the glittering cabarets of Akasaka, the cozy Ginza bars, famed Japanese massage and the delicate taste treats of *sashimi* (raw fish), *sukiyaki* and *tempura*. Such delights, however, were not for the dapper little man with the pencil mustache who alighted from a trans-Pacific jet one cold and windy day last month at Tokyo's Haneda Airport. Sud World Featherweight Champion Urtimio (Sugar) Ramos, straining his English vocabulary to the limit: "No fun. No sightsee. Work. Train. Fight. Win."

It happened just that way. Ramos was whisked away to the secluded Azabu Prince Hotel in a quiet residential district of the city. For three weeks he never ventured out except to do five miles of roadwork a day on a nearby baseball field and for afternoon workouts at a tiny gym several miles away. Massage was done by his handlers, instead of Japanese girls. And rather than exotic dishes, Ramos' unvarying diet consisted of boiled eggs and grapefruit juice for breakfast, steak and salad for lunch and dinner. Every night at 8, just as Tokyo's nightlife was beginning to rip and crackle, Ramos went to bed. Not much fun, but at all paid off on fight night in Tokyo's drafty, unheated Kuramae Sumo Stadium when Sugar knocked out Japan's game but outclassed Orient Featherweight titleholder, Mitsunori Seki, in an impressive defense of his title.

In the weeks before the fight, Ramos had long hours to himself. He spent them, as he always does, devouring Mexican comic books, banging expertly on his bongo drums and listening with a numbing consistency to recordings of his Afro-Cuban musical heroes, Benny More, Miguelito Valdez and the Joe Cuba Sextet. These props constitute the world of Sugar Ramos when he is not in the ring. With these around him, he is happy. He cares little for anything else, except women. "Not a lot of women," he says in his slurring Spanish, "just one woman. But fighting is more important than a woman, and when I am getting ready to fight there is no place for a woman."

Ramos claims he has never lost a fight, pro or amateur, in the ring or out. "Even Clay lost some amateur fights," says Sugar proudly. "Me, never. What is de-

feat? I don't know. Am I worried about Seki? How can I be worried? I never lose. Once in a pro fight in Puebla, Mexico, they say I butt and disqualify me after I knock other fellow down six times. But decision stinks. [Ramos says the decision was reversed the next day, but this does not show in the records.] Back in Matanzas [Cuba], my home, I always win in street fights. That is one tough way to fight, *chro*, with fists, no gloves. Only one time I get hit hard is when I come home and Mama beat me up for fighting. But I don't say I lose to her. I don't fight back with Mama."

Young Urtimio (his longtime co-manager, Cucco Conde, nicknamed him "Sugar" to make it easier for fight announcers) had a flyweight education, dropping out of school after fourth grade. He is only semiliterate and admits he reads comics "mostly for the pictures." He loves cowboy and Dracula movies. Sometimes he sees them over and over "so I can understand better and get reading practice on Spanish subtitles." He is still trying to solve in his own mind the basic plot of one of his favorite movies, *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* "I am mixed up about the car accident at the start and why Bette Davis is so mean to Joan Crawford," he says, "but no matter, I will keep seeing it until I can understand for myself. Nobody will have to tell me."

Ramos got his first bout by accident at the tender age of 12. His older brother, Ramon, was fighting on the regular Sunday morning card at the neighborhood arena in Matanzas and Urtimio went along to serve as his second. The main event was for 95-pounders, and one contestant failed to show. The promoter eyed Urtimio and offered Papa Ramos, a poor shoemaker but an inveterate fight buff, \$12 for the use of his son as a substitute. Papa couldn't resist, and Urtimio put on the gloves. "The other guy fought like a boxer," Sugar recalls. "I fought like a street fighter. But I won. After that Papa wanted me to keep fighting. I said O.K., but only if I get special helping of food, more than rest of family. Maybe it was selfish but there were 10 kids and I was hungry."

On extra helpings Ramos began to fill out. He developed extraordinarily powerful shoulder and upper-arm muscles for his 5-foot 2-inch frame. In 1957 he turned pro, at 16, lying about his age

to evade the 18-year-old age limit in Cuba. To this day boxing record books list him as 24 years old. Actually he will not turn 23 until next December.

In 1960 Fidel Castro banned professional boxing and Ramos moved to Mexico City, leaving behind his family and a pretty girl, Carmen Rosas Garcia. "We are not married," he says casually of Carmen, "but she is the mother of my two sons, Lazaro and Urtimimo Junior. I guess I love her but she is there and I am here and I cannot go back and she cannot get out." Meanwhile, Sugar shares an apartment in Mexico City with a breathtaking substitute for Carmen, a dark-eyed Mexican beauty. When he is not training for a fight, Sugar spends his days amid an endless cacophony of Afro-Cuban music, and on Sunday afternoons groups of Cuban Negro friends drop by for wild dancing parties.

Sugar hit the top a year ago when he wrested the featherweight championship from Davey Moore in Los Angeles. Triumph turned to tragedy when Moore, after hitting his head on the ropes in the course of a knockdown, died three days later. Moore was the second fighter to die following a bout with Ramos. One, Jose Blanco, died of a brain hemorrhage four hours after Ramos knocked him out in the eighth round of a scheduled eight-rounder in Havana back in 1958.

Today, almost a year later, Ramos cannot talk about the Moore fight without becoming agitated and teary. "Why did he have to die?" he asks, gesticulating wildly. "It was my night, my glory. I won fair and square. I beat him after he almost knocked me silly in the seventh round. I came back and beat him good. Then he dies and nobody remembers that Ramos fought a good fight and won. They only remember Davey Moore died. Some even say I kill him, I work hard and I beat him. I am not killer." He pounds his right fist into his left palm, closes his eyes in a grimace and changes the subject.

Following the Moore fight, Ramos had trouble making the 126-pound featherweight limit for his first defense last July against Rafiu King of Nigeria. He steamed out the final pound just before the weigh-in deadline, put on an unimpressive performance and was stunned to hear his onetime Mexican admirers boo loudly when the judges awarded him a close but unanimous de-

cision. "The hoos really hurt," says Sugar. "But I was weak after making the weight. I will repay the Mexican fans in my next fight there. I never let anybody down."

Sugar arrived in Tokyo eight pounds over the featherweight limit. The weather was cold and rainy, unsuitable for sweating off poundage outdoors. He donned a plastic sweat suit for all his training exercises, and wore it while he boxed 35 rounds to tune up his reflexes for the fast-moving Seki, the first left-hander he had ever fought. Slowly the weight crept down. Ramos refused to steam off the excess lest it weaken him as it did before the bout with King. At weigh-in time the morning of the fight he made the weight on the nose.

There was no sign of nervousness as Sugar walked into the clammy dressing room at the sumo stadium, heated only by a gas stove. Because there was no electrical outlet, he could not play Afro-Cuban music to relax, as he usually does. Even this drastic departure from routine didn't seem to bother him. "I tell you once before," he said, "nothing worries me. I don't know defeat." Sugar was cheered by the arrival of a couple of old friends. Los Angeles Promoter George Parnassus had flown out to watch the fight in hopes of matching Sugar with Carlos Ortiz in June for the lightweight championship (provided Ortiz beats Kenny Lane on April 4 as expected). Sugar's co-manager, Angelo Dundee, fresh from his triumph with Cassius Clay in Miami Beach, also flew in to work in his corner. Still flushed with the excitement of the Clay triumph, Dundee nonetheless pronounced Ramos "the best fighter, pound for pound, in the world today. He's the best all-round featherweight in years. Sandy Saddler could hit harder but this boy is a great all-round fighter. He's already fought lightweights and beaten them. He's ready for Ortiz now." When this accolade was transmitted to Sugar, he beamed. "Yeah, Ortiz is fine. But we got a fight tonight, remember?"

Minutes later Sugar entered the ring to polite applause. He was still calm and it did not seem to bother him that Seki's chief corner man was Teddy Benham, who had been in Davey Moore's corner in Los Angeles. Benham had told reporters before the fight, "We'll be careful. We're not going to let Seki be badly hurt. Ramos hits awfully hard.

And I've got memories to live with."

The ceremonial rigmarole preceding the opening bell seemed endless. Presentations of flower bouquets from sponsors and admirers, introductions and the playing of the martial Cuban and dirge-like Japanese national anthems took 17 minutes. Ramos shifted from one spot to the other, gazing occasionally at huge portraits of sumo wrestling greats that stared down from the rafters. There was a further delay when American Referee Nick Pope gave the fighters their instructions, then stood back while translators jibbered at the fighters in Japanese and Spanish to make sure they understood.

Once it began, the fight was hardly a contest. The muscular Ramos stalked the leaner Seki around the big 20-foot ring and staggered him with a straight hard right in the first round. For the next three rounds Ramos concentrated his blows to the midsection to bring Seki's tight guard down. Then in the fifth a strong right opened a deep cut over Seki's left eye. In the sixth a stinging right uppercut dropped Seki for the mandatory eight-count. A short, straight right dropped him again. As Seki staggered back to fight some more, Benham crawled through the ring ropes waving a towel. It was all over at 1:38 of the sixth round. Japanese fans sent a barrage of seat cushions hurtling into the ring in disapproval, but the decision was sound. "Seki was helpless," said Benham. "There's no point in taking chances. Ramos had him good. It was finished when I stopped it."

Sugar seemed almost bored by it all. Unmarked except for a mouse under his left eye where Seki had stung him with a good right lead in the second round, Sugar went back to his hotel, wolfed down three plates full of fried rice to celebrate his release from his diet and went to bed. Next day he allowed himself to be dragged off to a Ginza nightclub to listen to a Japanese combo called the Cuban Boys. Sugar joined the group briefly for some banging on the big tumbadora drums, charitably pronounced the Cuban Boys "very good. Cuban in spirit anyway," then went home to pack. "I come for fight, no for fun," he explained. A battered Seki, who must have thought his head was being mistaken for a bongo drum, was quite aware of that. But then, everyone who fights Sugar is. **END**

Now, if O'Hara really tries...

In Chicago last week Tom O'Hara ran the fastest indoor mile in history but, once he realizes how good he is, he will go faster

Tom O'Hara is a shy, unassuming fellow whose most outrageous boast is a claim that he weighs 131 pounds. He has broken the world record for the indoor mile twice this winter, yet he still has the uneasy feeling he is a boy running against men. A shuffling redhead with the posture of a consumptive filing clerk, he merely looks like a boy. He is, in fact, the best miler in the world, with only one real weakness—he doesn't believe it.

Last week in Chicago this lack of self-confidence cost Tom O'Hara at least two seconds in the Bankers Mile—and a chance to run even faster than Peter Snell's world outdoor record time of 3:54.4. Not that O'Hara's race was anything to be ashamed of. With 160 yards to go, he smoothly shifted into a sprinter's stride and ran away from Jim Grelle, his closest rival, finishing in 3:56.4. The time was the fastest ever recorded for an indoor mile, breaking by .2 second the record O'Hara had set just three weeks earlier in New York. But he could have gone faster and would have, except for the improbable fear that Grelle, no longer in his class, would outkick him in the last lap.

All week long the *Chicago Daily News*, sponsor of the meet, had been promising its readers a record. So excited had the local citizenry become that the high school basketball tournament, annually the breeziest conversational gambit around the Loop, was upstaged by O'Hara, now known affectionately as Mousemate to his flock of new fans. Even the mayor himself, Richard J. Daley, had to scrounge for tickets to the meet, which had never sold out before. Quite obviously O'Hara knew what was expected of him. The pressure was enough to keep a seasoned trouper in an agitated state, not to mention an insecure one, and O'Hara's coach, Jerry Weiland, tried desperately to ease his star runner's state of mind.

Facing reporters with the hangdog look of a man who had just invested his life savings in an Edsel agency, he assured everybody that "Tom's a tired boy. All we're after is a win." Then, remembering his obligations as a promoter, he added: "Of course, all his friends and family will be there. He'll give you a good run."

Privately, Weiland thought it quite probable that O'Hara was going to set an indoor record and, more privately still, he was not a bit sure that Snell's outdoor time was safe. But he studiously refrained from expressing his innermost thoughts within earshot of O'Hara, who has a history of reacting to such news with sleepless nights. "Don't even think of records," Weiland told O'Hara. "We've got a whole outdoor season ahead of us."

Having thus informed O'Hara of his lack of interest in a world record, Weiland immediately began planning for one. "We're going to try something different," said Weiland. His stratagem was to send O'Hara out of the gate like a sprinter for 25 yards. Traditionally O'Hara strides casually behind the field, moving up on the leaders in fits and starts before positioning himself for the last quarter dash. His early foot, Weiland figured, would startle Canada's Jim Irons, imported as a pacer, into a faster pace. "Tom will lead the field around the first turn," Weiland said. "Irons will have to hustle to take over the lead in the backstretch." At that point, as Weiland saw it, O'Hara would be in second place instead of way back in the pack. He might save a second, possibly two, with the quick dash, and he would conserve energy he might otherwise expend passing the entire field.

While Weiland was scheming, O'Hara was training. The routine was comparatively casual, coming nowhere near the 120 miles he usually puts in at the

dingy old Chicago Avenue Armory each week. On Tuesday, for instance, O'Hara ran a series of 220-yard dashes, 40 of them to be exact, each in 31 seconds, with 90-second jogs between them. He ran a smorgasbord of distances on Wednesday, a couple of 660s, some 220s, a few half miles and ended up with brisk 440s. On Thursday, O'Hara just went out and ran off 10 miles straight, a distance that does not even make him breathe hard.

By midweek, Weiland knew pretty well what he wanted of Irons during the race: a 58- or 59-second quarter, two minutes at the half and 2:59 at the important three-quarter mark. "I'll settle for a three-minute three-quarter," Weiland said, "or even a 3:01."

The entry of Grelle may have helped Weiland make up his mind. Word had arrived suddenly from California that Mihaly Igloi thought his runner was ready for a hug race. "I am most anxious to meet O'Hara again," Grelle said, "and I am ready to go under four minutes." When Tom O'Hara heard the news he turned several shades paler than his ordinary complexion, which is approximately the color of cream cheese. "Ah, we don't care about Grelle," Weiland told him. "You know you can beat this guy." Indeed, O'Hara had beaten Grelle, exactly a year ago in the same Chicago Daily News Relays. He trotted off reassured.

Despite his brave pose, Weiland was concerned. "There are six milers running today who are great," he said. "Snell, Jim Beatty, Dyrol Burleson, Cary Wessinger, O'Hara—and Grelle. They are all a little fearful of each other."

On Friday morning Thomas Martin Ignatius O'Hara attended a class in morality and business (he is an accounting major), where he took down the lecture nearly verbatim, "to keep my mind off the race," he said. O'Hara then went home to nap the afternoon away and hide from the army of people shoving press credentials at him and asking such questions as: "What are you planning to eat for dinner?" He had, in fact, a rather alarmingly large piece of halibut, one boiled potato and assorted vegetables cooked and served by his mother.

At exactly five minutes to post time, Weiland finally told O'Hara of the night's strategy, indicating offhandedly that an all-out assault on the world indoor record would be sort of nice. O'Hara blinked his long red lashes,

pranced a few steps in place, then jogged away to contemplate the new strategy.

Weiland's casual brainwashing more than worked. O'Hara actually jumped the gun and had to be called back. "I wanted to make sure I got out like Jerry told me," he said later. At the gun he executed Weiland's plan perfectly, taking a quick lead. Irons, as expected, overtook O'Hara in the backstretch. Grelle positioned himself in his customary spot near the end of the string. The first quarter came and passed with Irons bringing the field past in 58.1—exactly right—and O'Hara a stride behind.

Just short of the half-mile mark, where Irons began to feel the pace, O'Hara was having the time of his life, running with light, quick strides, his long red hair, which was bright pink under the lights, bobbing happily atop his head. A lap beyond the half-mile mark the public address announcer gave the time: 1:58.8. This was just the sort of news the big

crowd wanted to hear, and they began to abandon their seats and their senses. Almost before the announcer's voice had died, O'Hara saw Irons falter. He quickly raced by the Canadian on the inside. "He has to do it all by himself now," Weiland shouted.

And then Grelle made his move, realizing that if he didn't do it then, O'Hara would be out of sight later. "I felt surprisingly strong," Grelle said, "and for an instant I thought I could catch the redhead." But the redhead was running just as strongly and seemed to be capable of going much faster. He flew through the three-quarter mark in 2:59.8, right on schedule, and immediately went into his long kick to the finish. It left Grelle five yards behind. Still, it was not an all-out effort—"I knew Grelle was right behind me," he said. "I was afraid of him. He has that kick, too, and I wanted something left for the last 160 yards." Weiland, unheard in the crowd that was

screaming at the top of its lungs, was saying: "He's got to go faster, faster, faster. He'll never make it." With the gun for the final lap, O'Hara bolted. So swift was his final surge that he lapped Bill Dotson, the fifth man in the race. Rounding the last curve, he leaned far out over the infield and sprinted past the finish line. "I felt strong," O'Hara yelled at his coach to make himself heard above the crowd, "real strong. I could have burned those last three laps." And then, softly: "I wish I had."

If O'Hara was wistful, it was also plain that he was maturing rapidly. His Chicago lesson behind him, there now remains the great outdoors and Peter Snell to conquer. "Snell's record is definitely within reach," O'Hara said quietly after the race and, while such talk smacks of brashness, O'Hara is not a brash man. If he says Snell's record can be had, look out. O'Hara will very likely have it.

END



LONG-STRIDING O'HARA GLIDES SMOOTHLY IN SECOND PLACE BEHIND STRUGGLING JIM IRONS AS RUNNERS NEAR HALFWAY MARK

MEET THE MAD LIVINGSTONS

The oddest characters in the new campaign to capture the America's Cup are two Australian brothers (opposite), who are betting \$150,000 to nothing that English yachtsmen will succeed

BY COLES PHINIZY

An Australian will bet on anything that moves or looks as though it might. When there is no better way to risk a shilling, he will bet which of the flies on a pub ceiling will first light in his glass of beer. By staid and proper standards, all Australians are mad, and among the maddest of them this year are Frank (at right in the picture) and John Livingston, two bachelor brothers of the small, pastoral town of Mount Gambier. Right now these Australian brothers are betting \$150,000 to nothing that England can win a series of sailboat races to be held next September off the coast of North America. They are doing it by footing a good part of the bill for a potential challenger which, under the rules of America's Cup racing, must be designed, built and manned by nationals of the challenging nation—in this case Great Britain. About the only thing the Livingstons themselves will be allowed to do with *Kurrewa V* after she is launched in Scotland's Holy Loch later this month is watch her sail.

If *Kurrewa* should be picked over An-

thony Boyden's *Sovereign* to race against an American defender and should then defeat that defender, thus proving the first challenger ever to win the cup, the glory will go to England; to the Royal Thames Yacht Club, which issued the challenge; to David Boyd, the Scotsman who designed her; to Owen Aisher, the Englishman who directed her campaigning; and to the British yachtsmen who served as her crew. Why, then, are these two men from the other side of the world plunking down so much when they have so little chance of gaining even a round of applause for their trouble?

In explaining why Australians do anything it is important, first off, to bear in mind that theirs is a far and different land, where the sun leans to the north and the south wind blows cold. In Australia, swans are black; fish climb trees; kangaroos and wallabies bound around with offspring in their pockets; and clownish kookaburra birds fill the mornings and the evenings with idiotic laughter. Should men be ordinary when their country is not?

The Livingston brothers, like the awesome land around them, are not bound by precise laws or awed by 20th century boojums and taboos. Like most Australians, they are irrepressible and unstoppable, as restless as a flock of spin on a hot griddle, going from here to there, it often seems, simply for the sake of moving.

Frank Livingston is 63 years old. His brother, John, is 62. Yet neither of them considers himself quite old enough to think of marrying and settling down. Three weeks ago, in the middle of an Australian summer day, under a brazen sun, with the temperature 102° and the wind nil, Frank and John Livingston went hunting for an old groundwater hole in a parched sheep pasture. Lifting a piece of corrugated roofing off the waterhole, they uncovered a fox. The fox took off, with John Livingston after it. Being some 60 years younger than its pursuer, and no doubt feeling the heat, the fox never had a chance. John Livingston caught it in 30 yards, gave it a swat, and sent it on its cringing way.

Continued



Watching the chase, Frank Livingston remarked, "It does me good to see John moving around again after his heart attack."

The brothers were born to wealth and have become still wealthier by bouncing from one place to the next and from one fanciful gamble to another. Their connections, financial and social, are worldwide. Down under (and also up this way) they are members of many social organizations, notably the Royal Yacht Squadron, a British club so exclusive it

did not admit Sir Thomas Lipton to membership until the year of his death at 81. The Livingstons are acquainted, of course, with Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, and consider among their close friends Sir E. M. Conolly Abel Smith, K.C.V.O., C.B., and many other of Britain's fine sailors. They are good friends of Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister of Malaysia, and of John Kettelwell, the prominent angora goat rancher of South Africa. Among their many American friends they include

Boutbuilder Bill Luders of Stamford, Conn., Reporter Joe Sheehan of *The New York Times* and Lawyer Howard Wright of Pasadena, Calif. and the Transpacific Yacht Club. They like North American Indians, Papuans, Orientals, Continentals and Bushmen. They have never met an Eskimo or a Tierra del Fuego, but hope to.

The Livingstons consider the Right Honorable Robert Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, a pal, and among their less prominent intimates there is a wild

THE METHODICAL MR. BOYDEN

Except for the fact that, like them, he is not then well-behaved, England's 36-year-old Arthur Boyden differs from Australia's Livingstons at calculation differs from impulse. A man who never does anything "just for a lark," Boyden inherited a paper business worth £30,000 when he was 21, sold it 10 years later for nearly £2 million and has now parlayed that into industrial holdings so vast that even he is not sure of their precise extent. Here, as told to John Lovvree, are his reasons for entering America's Cup racing.

I am not a superstitious man, and I believe in reversing the tide of fortune. The number 13, passing people on stairs and walking under ladders have always proved lucky for me. Anything I can do to prove that people accept false limitations, I do.

Once when we went to Cowes for a week's sailing, a girl came on board who expressed alarm because she had just lit the third cigarette from the same light. Somebody else put a pair of shoes on the table, considered a highly dangerous thing to do at sea. When another person mentioned that he had seen the new moon over his shoulder, the complete crew was ready to walk off. I said it was bound to be the most successful week we ever had, and we won every race we entered.

I am for applying the principles of modern business success to Britain's America's Cup challenge. If you run your business well, then it is logical that you possess the qualities required for promoting a challenge for the America's Cup. I like to accept a challenge, and this is a challenge of the highest order.

My interest in America's Cup racing stems from the time my father bought a J-class yacht after the war with thoughts of preparing a challenge. When it became apparent that the cup would no longer be contested in large yachts, I sold this boat and purchased an old 12 called *Jynna*. When *Sceptre* challenged in 1958 and made such a poor showing, I felt that perhaps I was the one to try and prove we English could do better. I bought another 12-meter called *Flea II* as a trail horse to train a crew, improve equipment and learn tactics. At the same time I commissioned Designer David Boyd to start tinkering with new lines with the



promise that if he could improve the performance of *Sceptre* by a sufficient margin I would build a new 12-meter. Three years later we built *Sovereign*.

Some people were surprised when I chose David Boyd to design my yacht, but when one takes into account the tremendous disadvantages he worked under while designing *Sceptre* I do not think he did so badly. He had no modern 12-meter design in Britain to use as a yardstick and very little time. It takes a long while to understand the formula governing 12-meter design and interpret it in terms of hull shape, and Boyd is way ahead of other British designers on the essential features of the class.

Before *Sovereign* was launched I said that if we could not beat *Sceptre* I would send her back to the boatyard and go on a skiing holiday.

There is no danger of that now. We soon proved the tank tests right. In Scotland during the very first week of racing we beat *Sceptre* by the adequate margins. On one occasion we finished 10 minutes ahead of her in a race about one-third the length of a normal America's Cup course. The important thing is that *Sovereign* proved herself distinctly superior to windward, which is where one looks for improvement.

To achieve this, no radical departures were made. I do not think they are possible within the 12-meter rule. Instead, a mass of detail was improved, including the shape of the keel and the weight of the hull. It is a wider, slightly larger boat than *Sceptre*, with a modernized deck layout and more powerful, streamlined winches. I had one of my company's time-and-motion men study the layout. His work resulted in some minor improvements affecting the tuning and handling in sheets and halyards.

We have a flexible aluminum-alloy mast which might prove to be a much winner and is something we have copied from smaller yachts which race round-the-buoys. The idea is that if you go out in about six or seven knots of wind and it springs up to 15 or 16 knots you can bend your spars to make your sails suit the stronger wind or vice versa. In any race in which you cannot change your mast once you go out, the only way to alter it according to wind strength is by adjusting the mast or boom. By bending the

variety of Melbourne sophisticates, Sydney hustlers and Queensland cowpokes. The brothers have a particularly high regard for Bob Loudon, the Queensland rider who manages their Yarraden cattle ranch (or "cattle station," as Australians call it). Loudon is a reincarnation of the leather-hatted cowboys who once rode the spreads around Laramie—a good cattleman and a practitioner of the art of throwing a bull Australian style.

In Queensland you do not, as the phrase goes, "take the bull by the horns"

to throw him. Instead, you chase the bull on horseback, and when he tires, you grab his tail, taking one turn with it around your hand for a surer grip. As your horse's forehooves come down at the end of a stride, you swing your off-side leg over, slide down the horse's flank, planting your feet solidly on the ground. Feeling his progress checked, the bull will turn to charge you, and in trying to get his horns where his tail is, he will topple over. Since this action usually takes place on range where big

eucalyptus trees grow 10 or 15 yards apart, there is a certain element of risk. The Livingstons like that.

Another of the Livingstons' Queensland friends is Walter Lawrence, whose cattle station once abutted theirs around Mount Mulgrave, although, quite frankly, of late Walter has proved to be something of a disappointment. A few years back, while still in his prime—a mere 70 years old or so—Walter quit ranching and took up living in cities the year round. In the old days whenever Walter

continued

spars, you can flatten the sail. By straightening them, you can give it a belly shape.

Despite our general success with *Sovereign* last year, the British press pretended disappointment at our showing, but the reporters were looking for the wrong things. When you go out on trials in a yacht your mission is to work up the standards of your equipment and crew, and this means you have to experiment a great deal. Experiments to add an extra inch must involve failure on occasion. Even so, when *Sovereign* started competing against *Seprer*, very shortly after launching she still managed to win 11 out of 15 races sailed.

Objective and constructive criticism is valuable but, frankly, I think the British press is bedeviled by a strong defeatist, even cynical, streak. Its attitude as a whole contrasts sharply with that of the Australian press, which gave fine support to *Grietel*.

The British press tries to be too clever. Reporters attempting to display their knowledge usually end up demonstrating how little they know, but the effect on your team is bad. The crew reads the reports, people comment on them, jokes are made in bars, and although everybody pretends it does not matter there is a psychological aftermath that is difficult to overcome.

The most prompting confirmation I have had that *Sovereign* is really something came from an American, Designer Olin Stephens. After he had seen her go through the water at Cowes he flew back to New York and immediately commenced the design and construction of a new 12-meter.

A further explanation of England's bad showing six years ago lies in the fact that *Seprer* had no competition over here. I was determined that our new challenger would be chosen from at least two competitors, and I was even ready to finance the building of a second one myself. The ordinary run of British yachtsmen cannot afford such expense. Those who can are more inclined to spend their money on going to the Mediterranean or supporting things such as horse racing that the royal family follows, because of the snob value. They certainly do not spend their money in ways which would help national morale. We British fail so often in international sport because we cannot get the right financial backing.

It was when we could not find a fellow countryman prepared to help that other British 12-meter owners and I asked the two Australian brothers Frank and John Livingston whether they would put up some money. The Livingstons are of Scottish descent and retain an abundant affection for the mother country. When I offered to supply the design, they agreed to buy the hull, providing we could find someone to take on the expense of organization and racing. Owen Asher said he would do this, and the cost of racing the boat, deck equipment and sails may come to more than the price of *Kurewa's* hull.

Early next month, my own yacht will start preparing for the

fray, matching itself once more against *Seprer*. During May and June three series of trial races between *Kurewa* and *Sovereign* will take place before they are shipped to America. The two series of races in August at Newport to choose the challenger will be very cutthroat affairs.

We want the best possible boat to make the challenge. Since I have been involved in the project for the last four years, and have done most of the organizing and promotion, I am determined that it will be *Sovereign*. I think Owen Asher is equally keen that it should be *Kurewa*. The trials will be highly competitive, because both hulls are similar and both are the result of all the research work that has been done over the past four years. The important difference may be in the sails, and here it is a question of who can get the best sailmaker and perhaps who spends the most money. You have to have a bottomless purse, and I do not know whether Owen Asher's is any deeper than mine. I do know that we are both spending a lot to beat each other in this respect.

In the final reckoning, boats and sails being equal, it will all rest with the crews. "Hefly, young, active and seamanlike," Owen has called his crew. I believe my own team is more than a match. Each member of *Sovereign's* afterguard—Erik Maxwell, Peter Scott and Bruce Banks—is capable of being helmsman, tactician or navigator. Both Banks, a sailmaker, and Scott have sailed well in the Olympics, and Maxwell, who owns *Seprer* today, has an equally fine racing record. I think Peter Scott is the catalyst of our combination. His knowledge of winds can hardly be excelled. At present he is the British national gliding champion. More pertinent, he has been successful in everything he has done. This is the sort of man I like.

The brawn of the crew as opposed to the brain revolves around Rugby players, again something for which I have been ridiculed. But when I started this effort I reasoned that normal yachtsmen are far too individualistic to work really well as a team under intense discipline. Therefore I chose people who I felt had already proved they could blend together and at the same time be fit, strong, energetic and enthusiastic. Rugby players, it seemed to me, came into just this category. Two of the team from whom the final crew of 11 will be picked in America have played Rugby for England, one of them, David Marques, 23 times.

I hope to be a member of the crew myself, but I am under the signs of my own management, if I am not good enough I will not be aboard. Once I had fond hopes of being helmsman, but I realize I am just not up to international standards. I have been working with the crew in a gym once a week. We do a series of exercises designed to improve our economy of speed and movement. The training includes lifting weights, climbing ropes and wall-bar work. Personally, I do not like the exercises, but it is the only way of getting fit. We will be the finest, fittest crew that ever put to sea in a 12-meter.

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LIVINGSTONS *continued*

radioed out from the bush for a plane to come get him, the word would spread through the town of Cairns that Walter was coming. When he got to Cairns, Walter would travel from pub to pub, announcing drinks for everybody and enjoying himself tremendously. At such times the nights in Cairns were long and gay. When Walter's daughter was married at his cattle station, as John Livingston remembers, "everybody in Queensland was invited but most of them didn't have a month to spare."

The Livingstons grew up in the profitable but erratic business of sheep raising. They know how to dip sheep, how to shear them and how to care for them in sickness and in health. They know how to contend with rabbits and the other blights of the land. From birth they have known the long summers of the range, where the blue sky hangs overhead week on week and the sun bears down until its dry heat reaches deep into the skin. They also know what it is like to be constantly moist, for their two major cattle holdings—each roughly the size of the King Ranch in Texas—are situated in the tropical north corner of Queensland, where the only way to dry a shirt during the wet season is to hang it on a line and let the rain beat the moisture out.

Since they rarely stay long in one place and are often in three or four different places in one week, the Livingstons do their best to adapt to all changes, climatic or social. They speak the Queen's English or the Queenslander's, as the situation requires. They are at ease in dinner jackets and equally at ease in a rancher's rags. They try to carry the right clothes with them for every occasion, but seldom succeed. Often they do not tarry long enough in one place to use a hotel's jiffy pressing service, or even long enough for a drip-dry shirt to finish dripping. At the end of a fast week, the Livingstons sometimes look as if they had ridden the last 200 miles in a wallaby's pouch.

When Frank Livingston was 8 and his brother 7, they signed a contract, "A Partnership in Marbles," duly witnessed by their sister Emily. It is the only contract they have ever had, and while they still work as a team, neither brother has

lost his identity. Both Livingstons are of medium build, both carry a slight pouch that bespeaks their age. Frank, the older, is 5 feet 7; his brother, about 5 feet 10. Frank drinks tea like an Englishman—about one imperial gallon a day. John drinks two gallons. Frank also takes beer and whisky, while John uses neither. "He does worse than drink," insists Frank, with the disdain a modest tippler has for a totally dry man. "He buys drinks for everybody else to liven the party up so he will enjoy it more. He is a menace."

John Livingston openly confesses an affection for the good old days, when smoking was forbidden and a dinner jacket was required in the dining room of Melbourne's Hotel Menzies. But in actual practice his brother Frank is usually the more reserved. Frank has a softer voice and often merely smiles broadly at times when his brother's laughter is knocking pictures off the walls. John Livingston usually is the first of the two to see doom or disaster, but again, in actual fact, Frank is generally the more cautious. Frank Livingston would never, for example, try butting his head through a stone wall without first putting on his hat. As often happens in such a team, Frank, the cautious one, occasionally ends up taking the hard knocks. When the brothers are sailing on an ocean beset by a whole gale, it is Frank who is lashed to the wheel while John mans the pumps below. It was Frank who, during a flat calm 300 miles off Oahu, dived overboard to refresh himself and dislocated his shoulder by landing on a shipmate who was at that instant entering to escape a 10-foot shark. (They took Frank to Pago Pago, where he remembers having a wonderful time attended by U.S. doctors and nurses.) Some years ago their cousin Hubert Kessal decided that a dark hole in the ground at their sister Emily's sheep station should be investigated. It was Frank, of course, who was lowered in a bosun's chair if everything went according to plan except that the rope immediately parted. On the chance that he might be alive, they lowered a second rope and hauled him up again. Eighty feet below he had luckily landed feet first in water.

continued

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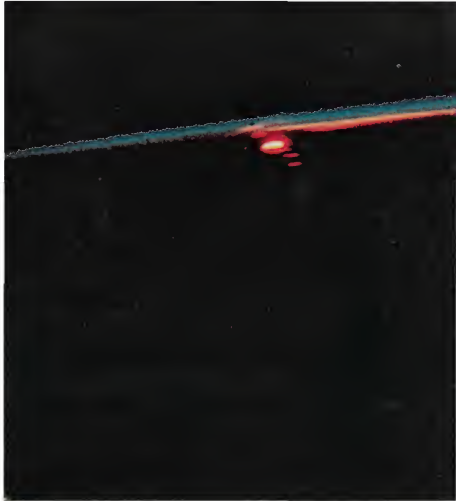
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"It is strange how those Livingstons carry on. They were both quite normal in school," Mayor Hugh Marks of the Livingstons' home town of Mount Gambier once remarked. Overhearing this, Prime Minister Menzies explained, "Their insanity is hereditary. Their father was a Member of Parliament."

Both Livingstons have a constant curiosity, and it is John's theory that you never really know about anything unless you give it a try. What he learns is sometimes not worth knowing, but this has never stopped him. Fifteen years ago the Livingstons had a pet kookaburra bird that laughed raucously whenever John Livingston practiced playing the bagpipes. In every other way the kookaburra seemed normal, except that it was constantly hungry. This is the kind of problem that John Livingston cannot help exploring. "I got a kerosene tin full of worms," he recalls. "Enough worms to fill any herd. He ate them all. Fast as I'd throw him a worm, he'd digest it, pass it right through, leaving a pile of potash behind him. My word, that bird could eat. Poor thing finally swallowed a gramophone needle and died."

In addition to the orthodox details of stock raising in which he is constantly involved, John Livingston has become a modest authority on a number of subjects that most people do not encounter in a lifetime. To take a sampling, he knows a good bit about the operation of World War II German gyroscopic sextants, the care of bees, the rehabilitation of old waterwheels and a plant called Russian comfrey.

Russian comfrey looks like a cross between a tobacco plant and a hothouse geranium, and John Livingston was informed that it was fine potterage. After planting 10 acres of it, he found his sheep could take it or leave it alone. He subsequently discovered that a research foundation dedicated to the proliferation of Russian comfrey had only one-third of an acre planted in England. The only other planting that John Livingston could find was half an acre tended by an 86-year-old English lady named Greer, who seemed to be wrapped in the past (in her living room not long ago John saw parts of a tractor lying on yellowed

newspaper headlining Allied landings in Italy). John Livingston now feels that his 10 acres may be the largest planting of Russian comfrey in the world.

As for beekeeping, John learned about that when he tried to improve the clover on his Heatherleigh Hills sheep station with 150 beehives. "We had no trouble at all with the bees," he now recalls, "until one of them stung Norman Gurr, our manager at Heatherleigh Hills. While Norman was going about his own business—rather personal business—the bee stung him in a very tender part of the body, and Norman never had much interest in bees after that."

Old waterwheels, relics of the gold rush days, are a particular love of John Livingston's, largely because a maternal ancestor made a bundle of money using one to mill flour for the 100,000 miners who rushed into the Australian gold diggings in the 1850s. John now owns what is perhaps the world's finest collection of waterwheels—if anything so widespread can be called a collection. At this point the wheels are still scattered all over southeast Australia; two of John's small waterwheels are still in the care of the landholders from whom he bought them. He has one beauty, 14 feet in diameter, in storage in Melbourne. He may have another 10-footer buried under an extravagant mass of blackberry brambles in the valley hamlet of Pore Pukah. He paid about \$100 for the 10-footer, but has never penetrated the brambles deep enough to see it.

John has another wheel, a 24-footer, in splendid condition, still on the original site where it was used to drive an ore crusher 3,000 feet up a mountain. There is no road or path maintained up the mountain, and it will be many years before there is any decent way for tourists to visit the relic. However, there is already a steady passage of commercial airliners over the mountain. It is John's plan to rig a generator to the wheel and plug in spotlights. Thus airline passengers will be able to look down at night on the spectacle of an old waterwheel slowly turning, lighting itself up.

Waterwheel collecting is, of course, one of those curious loves that men have, an unusually curious one in John Liv-

ingston's case, since he and his brother Frank will probably realize a quarter-million-dollar profit because of it. John Livingston's quest for information about the 24-foot wheel on the mountain led him to a seasoned prospector, Kenneth Harris, who, as so often happens in his trade, had run out of money and was about to lose his option on a tract near the old Red Robin mine in the Australian Alps. The Livingston brothers put up the cash in exchange for equal shares. The government mining experts came up and inspected the initial diggings. Harris had apparently struck into a mighty quartz reef, assaying about two ounces of gold to the crushed ton. Unless the vein pinches out peculiarly or faults off in some very strange way, the total yield should be between \$300,000 and \$600,000. In Australia, all gold earnings are 100% tax-free.

To at least one U.S. yachtsman who saw them at Newport during the cup matches in 1958, the curious Livingstons resembled "Kipling's creatures at the edge of the forest." But their innocent air is deceptive. They know how to fill their stomachs and their pockets. They often bounce around like Silly Putty, but even while bouncing they are as wary as dingos and as canny as pack rats.

Since Frank and John Livingston have a knack for managing money and for acquiring more of it, they naturally can afford America's Cup racing. This does not mean that they will keep trying to buy the cup, spending more and more, like that cup-struck old landlubber, Lipton. The Livingstons are sailors for the same reason that they are stockmen, hole-in-the-ground explorers and waterwheel collectors—the sea is there before them and it would be a shame to waste it. The principal landholding they inherited from their father lies near the Victoria-South Australia state line, fronting on the southern ocean that reaches to Antarctica. As boys, Frank and John Livingston played around inside the reef in a single-sail, centerboard imitation of a boat. Subsequently, they did some round-the-huoy racing and

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LIVINGSTONS continued

graduated completely to ocean racing after World War II. Not counting their now uncountable miles of weekend sailing and little races of 200 miles or less, the Livingstons have sailed more than 25,000 miles in ocean competition and have cruised about 35,000 miles more getting to starting lines or returning home. In their ketch, *Kaizen III*, and their 51-year-old cutter, *Kaizen II*, they have won line honors in the 630-mile Sydney-to-Hobart race four times in 10 tries.

Frank Livingston is a totally able seaman. John is 90%, willing and able, only his stomach dissenting. "When I first sailed more than 40 years ago, I was sick, sick, sick," John Livingston now bellows irritably, recalling the misery of a major love. "Today I still get sick, sick, sick. Only relief I ever found was by trying to make myself even sicker. Few years ago I got myself so sick that I ruptured my gut."

In 1939 the Livingstons had set out to sail to England when World War II suddenly cut loose. They paused long enough to do their bit in the army and reach the conclusion that the trouble with the war effort was too many chiefs, as it were, and not enough diggers and bushmen. When the world finally returned to the abnormality of peacetime, the Livingstons took up ocean racing in a big way, and in no time at all they were looking for competition away from home. The 2,225-mile Los Angeles-to-Honolulu race seemed to be the right sort of venture, and in 1949 they went for it. The prevailing winds being what they are, they had to sail 11,000 miles to reach the starting line, going 5,000 miles of it on one starboard tack before coming about 400 miles under the Aleutians. Except for near collision with water-soaked logs floating out of the Columbia River ("those logs," Frank Livingston insists, "could knock the duff out of any hull"), the trip was routine for the six seasoned members of the crew. But for the seventh—the Livingstons' sister Emily—it was a hull. Emily had never spent a night at sea and, since she was nearly 50 years old at the time, she felt it was then or never. Through the whole voyage she wore 30 silver bracelets on

one arm, her theory being that when the others stopped heaving the jungle they would know she had been swept overboard. As she prepared meals for the men (the clock around), she sometimes found the food lockers at her feet and sometimes overhead. For 71 days and nights she was either cold and tired or wet and tired, and, being Australian, she enjoyed herself tremendously.

In the run to Honolulu, the Livingstons finished 16th out of 24 on elapsed time. It was an easy, drifty affair, not at all like the usual heavy-weather racing back home. Like most Australians, the Livingstons pile on sail in an ocean race until the rigging sometimes gives up in despair. Their finest victory, in 1948, came in the 1,300-mile Auckland-to-Sydney race, when they set a new time record despite eight hours spent wallowing bare-nosed in a cyclone. As the nasty southern quadrant of the cyclone passed them, they were twice knocked down, the spreaders going into the water each time. (The anemometer on Lord Howe Island recorded 90-mile-an-hour winds, gusting to 110.) "On one roll-over," John Livingston reports, "the lockers flew open like bomb bay doors. Everything all over. We were at the pump, each man for 20 minutes, going with all we had, my word. Bits and pieces of this and that stopping up the pump. I reached down with my hand one time to clear it and found my false teeth were clogging it—so sick I must have thrown them out of my mouth without knowing it. Popped them right back in—safest place for your teeth in a blow." John's lingering regret is that brother Frank was fished to the wheel during the worst hours and missed much of the excitement below.

Of the Livingstons' numerous yachting affiliations, the most important in this America's Cup year has no registered title and is best known to the few who have even heard of it as the Dead Secret Yacht Club. For the past five years, with about \$60,000 of Livingston money and with both Livingstons actively participating, this club has been sailing little 7½-foot boats, each hull a one-ninth scale model of a 12-meter racer. The club has designed starting gates so that

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LIVINGSTONS

two hulls can be set off evenly in comparative hull tests. Rudders and sail trim are radio-controlled. Small radio-operated cameras, matchbox size, can be installed to photograph the sails and to photograph telltales and smoke puffs to indicate where the wind is pulling and where it is dragging. Much of the testing has been done on a small lake in the New Forest of England, where anybody can watch, but "Somehow we have not attracted much attention," Frank Livingston says. "Most people write us off as a little mad and leave it at that."

The Livingstons came upon this unusual boating venture, as they have many like it, while wandering around giving their sociability and curiosity full play. According to the most recent interpretations of the America's Cup rules, no challenging country can use the American testing tank at Stevens Institute in New Jersey, and there is no tank elsewhere with personnel of equal experience. The Livingstons took to the radio-controlled boating because they saw in it perhaps a way to offset the disadvantage. It would be most dramatic to say that convincing revelations in hull design had already been found and incorporated in *Kwassa V*. But in actual fact the Dead Secret Yacht Club is operating too slowly and deliberately for that. The only discovery that may come to light this year is in sail design, but since, by the rules, *America's* sails must be of English cloth, any advantage in design will probably be offset by the advantage a U.S. boat has in using the superior American Dacron cloth made by Ted Hood (SI, Feb. 10). "The most we can say now is that we have hopes this year, some year," John Livingston insists. "And I will further say that in any case Frank and John Livingston will have fun."

Like the dark hole in the ground at their sister's sheep station, this dabbling in America's Cup racing may lead the Livingston brothers nowhere. Possibly, like the old watersheel on the mountain, it will only cast light upon itself. Or perhaps, like the same old waterwheel, it will lead to quite a prize. As John Livingston says, you never really know about anything until you give it a try. **END**



For 35 years, between 1890 and 1925, the old Madison Square Garden—featuring everything from bike racing to wrestling—was the most exciting sports arena in America by THOMAS F. MOORE

A Grand Time for All at the Garden

Last October workmen with electric jackhammers began to tear at the sides of Pennsylvania Station in New York. Part of a continuing operation, the demolition is to be completed in about three years. While trains run down below, the facade of the station will be converted on the Seventh Avenue side into a 31-story skyscraper, and to the west, toward Eighth Avenue, into a futuristic sports palace, the Madison Square Sports Center.

This Garden will actually be the fourth

bearing the name. The third Garden, which was opened in 1925, still stands on Eighth Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets. The second Garden was completed in 1890—on the site of the first Madison Square Garden—and it lasted until 1925. To many, this Garden will always be The Place. More than any other arena or stadium, it established sports solidly on the American scene. From the tips of its minaret towers to the horse stalls in the basement, the second Garden had atmosphere.

During its 35 years of existence, the Garden was a gathering place for New York society. But it also gave room to prizefights, wrestling matches and six-day bike races, not to mention political conventions, revival windings, the Wild West Show and the circus.

On its site—Madison Square, Fourth Avenue from 26th to 27th Streets—originally stood a terminal of the New York Central and Harlem River Steam Railroad. In the early 1870s the railroad turned the terminal into a car barn, which

continued

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Grand Time continued

was in turn converted into a rickety show-place for P.T. Barnum's circus and a military band, under the direction of Patrick S. Gilmore. It was variously called Gilmore's Gardens and Barnum's Hippodrome (causing some confusion) until 1879, when William Vanderbilt bought the property for use by the National Horse Show. He promptly dubbed the old terminal Madison Square Garden.

In 1889 a group of prominent horse fanciers offered to raise \$3 million in bonds to erect a palace where the annual horse show and other social functions could be held in more comfortable surroundings. The new corporation had both the flamboyant Barnum and the conservative J. P. Morgan on the board of directors.

The Garden grows

The old terminal was torn down and construction of the second Madison Square Garden started in 1889, with the society architect, Stanford White, of McKim, Mead & White, in charge. The exterior consisted of pale yellow brick and white terra cotta, and the architect aimed at making the motif "bold and vigorous enough to be dignified; light enough to be graceful; lively, and yet stately enough to be rightly expressive." White fashioned the upper part of the structure after the Giralda Tower in Seville. He wanted to top the building with a weathervane statue of Diana, goddess of the hunt, and he commissioned Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor, to design a small bronze. From this an enlarged replica was cast, with Julia (Dodie) Baird as the model. "The goddess was modeled from a plaster cast which was actually taken from my figure," Miss Baird daringly confessed. "The plaster was put around me as I posed. B-e-r! I can feel it now. It was so cold at first it made me shiver. It took six workmen three-quarters of a day to get the plaster cast of my figure. Of course, you mustn't think that I was plastered all over at once. I was, so to speak, dust in sections."

The building itself, an expanse 200 by 425 feet, housed an elaborate restaurant, with private service rooms, a theater, a concert hall, a ballroom, executive rooms, apartments in the main tower and a roof garden. White, something of a boulevardier, designed an apartment for himself in the tower which became the scene of many a frolic, involving

beautiful girls and theatrical personages.

The arena, where the big events were staged, was 122 by 268 feet, and contained four balconies above the amphitheater. There were stable accommodations in the basement for 400 horses—the symbolic number for New York's elite. On June 16, 1890, the 400 gathered for the gala opening, along with 12,000 lesser socialites, to hear Edward Strauss and his Vienna orchestra. Shortly after, the horse show took over and was termed a "brilliant affair."

But society had to yield occasionally to more plebeian goings-on when Barnum brought in his circus. This was a three-ring affair, first tried out in the former arena, and though some spectators complained about not being able to watch everything at once, most of the customers felt they were getting triple their money's worth. After P.T.'s death, his younger colleague, J. A. Bailey, who had outlasted a whole series of partners to form Barnum and Bailey, continued to push the circus as a Garden offering and to suggest numerous spectacular ways to fill the showplace between social events. Since the activities of society's 400 could not keep the Garden in the black, the board of directors was forced to welcome the moneymaking circus and, later, some less savory attractions.

It was here in the Garden, 16 years after the opening, that White played out the last act of his full life. He and Harry K. Thaw, an eccentric Pittsburgh millionaire, both admired Evelyn Nesbit, a chorus girl Thaw took the trouble to marry her. White, however, continued his attentions to the girl. The husband finally cornered White on the roof of Madison Square Garden and shot and killed him.

A dandy in disgrace

"Scandal" tainted even the exclusive horse show. Berry Wall, a society dandy and the horse show's self-appointed master of ceremonies, disgraced himself by getting into a fight with a hack driver and a policeman, and had to officiate with his hand in a cast. Hot pollen also gained admission, owing the society ladies. The height of frustration for Berry Wall occurred when Peter Jackson, a popular West Indian boxer, entered the main arena in a dress suit and a shiny silk hat and was mobbed by socialites, seeking to fraternize with him.

continued



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Grand Time *continued*

Harry Stevens, who began his career as a program seller in the Garden and progressed to caterer, had a hand in something called the Irish Fair in the 1890s. With sod transplanted from Ireland to appeal to the immigrants from the Old Country, the Fair ran on and on, filling the Garden every night. There were murmurings among the elite that most of the spectators were being taken right off the boats from Ireland and brought to the Garden without pausing to go through customs. The Irish Fair ran for a month and launched Stevens as a concessionaire.

The Garden's money troubles increased. Even though such stars as Sarah Bernhardt and Richard Mansfield appeared on its stage, the theater never caught on. The more practical members of the board began to agitate for attractions other than social. The circus and the Irish Fair had broken the barrier, and now the horse show found itself competing with other garish events, such as prizefights. One of the first of these was not a real fight but almost a sentimental affair. Ten days after John L. Sullivan lost his championship to James J. Corbett on Sept. 7, 1892, the two men climbed through the ropes of the Garden ring in a benefit for the champion. After a hit of halfhearted sparring, the Boston Strong Boy and Gentleman Jim called it quits.

Tex takes over

Tex Rickard, newly arrived from the West and the Yukon, made his first appearance in New York when he promoted the Jess Willard-Frank Moran fight at the Garden on March 25, 1916. Subsequently, Jack Dempsey took on Bill Brennan, a supposed setup, in the Garden and almost lost. For 10 rounds Brennan had much the better of it, but Dempsey rallied and in the 12th finished off his opponent. Wrestlers, like the great Hackenschmidt, the Terrible Turk, Stanislaus Zbyszko, and Strangler Lewis also competed at the Garden.

More genteel diversions were staged from time to time: a sportsmen's show, flower, cat and dog (on different days), boat, industrial and automobile shows. Some of these exhibits were the first of their kind in the world. When it arranged for its first show in 1900, the Automobile Club of America intended the affair for "society devotees of the motor vehicle." The *Times* noted haugh-

ity, though, that "mere sightseers" outnumbered the socialites in inspecting the horseless carriages.

Promoters brought in live pigeon-shooting matches, six-day walking races, six-day bicycle races. Originally, the bike riders were on their own for six days, sleeping on, but not leaving, the bicycle when they had a safe lead.

Then, for humane purposes, a limit of 12 hours a day in an endurance test was enforced, and this led to two-man team contests which became even more popular. The two-man setup no longer left the racers haggard, and the contestants, despite the rigors of the grind, appeared to be in better condition than the spectators, most of whom were not used to staying up all hours. Each pair of riders now had its own "camp," situated in various parts of the Garden, with three maîtres and a cook as part of the entourage. The rules permitted a rider to stay in his camp unless his partner became involved in a jam (an attempt by a team to circle the track, leaving the rest of the pack behind). Stealing a lap was the main scoring element in gaining a victory but jams were rare, almost by mutual consent, since they took a lot out of the riders. Off the track, the cyclists spent much of their time eating.

On the other hand, some of the customers went hungry. The practice of Bowery derelicts was to buy the cheapest admission price, 50¢, on Sunday nights, when the grind started at midnight, and to hope for a six-night flop. There was no way of getting food except to steal it, and that took skill, for the attendants were vigilant. The guards were also on the lookout for anyone trying to shave in the men's rooms and so, as the week wore on, the uninvited lodgers began to look more and more like what they were: bums. Their nights of sleeping in the seats near the roof came to an end around Thursday when the city police would move in with the paddy wagons.

One of the most exciting races ever run occurred in March 1923, when the winner among the 15 starting teams was not decided until the closing minutes of the final hour. From the time Frankie Genaro, a boxer of the day, fired off the starting gun, at one minute after midnight on Sunday, until the following Saturday night, the Garden was a bedlam of international rivalry. The riders ranged from Americans through the Tasmanian, Alfred Grenda, to the Swiss

continued



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Oscar Egg. Whenever Egg became involved in a pickup, the wits of the time could be depended upon to refer to it as a scramble.

The real favorite, however, was Maurice Brocco, an Italian, who was noted for starting jams. As soon as he streaked out of the single-file pack, the yell would go up: "B-r-o-c-c-o!" Brocco was the best jammer but on this occasion it was Gerenda and Alfred Goufflet, who waited until the waning minutes of the 1923 race to speed around the track without being caught, while the spectators screamed hysterically.

Another annual event was the Wild West Show, with Colonel Buffalo Bill Cody bringing on his troupe of cowboys and Indians. The trick riding and roping and the flavor of the Old West always thrilled the eastern audiences. The scenes of carnage were especially popular, and Buffalo Bill gave the customers their full share of gore. When he announced his retirement in 1910, with the words, "This old scout must no longer follow the trail," he got one of the Garden's greatest ovations. There was many a tear shed as the Colonel, well past 60, with his long white hair, white mustache and chin tuft, backed his intelligent horse the length of the Garden.

In between the social and sporting events at the Garden were the political conclaves. At the turn of the century, young William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic candidate for President, mesmerized a hostile Garden audience with his oratory. Many years later the famous Al Smith-William Gibbs McAdoo deadlock convention tied up the Garden in 1924, with the interminable "Alabama casts 24 votes for Underwood." Tex Rickard, by then custodian of the lease, had offered the politicians the Garden without rent and with free use of the food concessions, on the assumption that the meeting would be a quick one, but as the days dragged on, with the stand-off balloting, Rickard was literally eaten out of business.

The Garden was sometimes used for loftier purposes, though, such as bazaars for the cause of women's suffrage, and religious revivals. An evangelist from Chicago, the Reverend John Alexander Dowse, preached there in 1903. He was called, obscurely, Elijah The Third and he did not draw well (except for the first week of a two-week stand when mobs stormed the Garden to laugh at him), perhaps because he was given to such subject matter as "Zion's Conflict with Methodist Apostasy," Especially in Con-

nection with Freemasonry." When the listless revival was over, some free-thinking critic attacked Dowse in a tract called, "The Prophet and His Profits."

Eventually, despite an occasional monomaker, the Garden became known as a white elephant. In 1917 the New York Life Insurance Company decided to foreclose on the mortgages it held, and to erect an office building in the Garden's stead. But Tex Rickard, financed by John Ringling, now owner of the circus, stepped forward and signed a long-term lease as proprietor of the Garden.

Rickard put on big box-office fights, and in the early '20s the Garden held its own. But one final scandal caused even Rickard to become disenchanted. The Garden had installed a swimming pool that took up the whole arena and the public was encouraged to consort with such Olympic stars of the day as Aileen Riggan, Helen Meany and Helen Wainwright. A diving board up near the roof was used for exhibitions and at least one paying customer tried the high dive, with disastrous results.

Early in 1922 several young girls, ranging in age from 11 to 15, accused Rickard of making their acquaintance at poolside and then luring them up to the tower, Stanford White's old quarters. There was an aura of frameup about the charges, and Rickard, backed by his wife, Edith Mae, elected to go to court. His lawyer, the brilliant Max Steuer, won a verdict of not guilty.

Rickard continued to operate the Garden for the next few years, but he finally decided to let the New York Life foreclose on its mortgages and put up its office building. The wails of the sports fans were quieted when Rickard announced that he had induced a group of investment men to guarantee \$5½ million with which to build an uptown Garden. He was fascinated by the thought that the enterprise could incorporate and be listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

So the transition began. The old Garden, with its atmosphere of drama and sheer excitement, was demolished in 1925 and replaced by its more orderly offspring, the third and present Madison Square Garden. At the time, one commentator wrote, "It is the engaging quality of the Garden's history that it never kept anything separate—it was the whole wide jumble of our adolescent stage—and what passes with it is not a building but a state of mind." **END**



AN EARLY BOAT SHOW FILLED THE GARDEN FLOOR WITH A WIDE VARIETY OF CRAFT

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—With a week to go, BOSTON split a two-game series with CINCINNATI to increase its lead in that game and come within a sweeping distance of an early trip to Shea Stadium. The Sox lost the West ST LOUIS game in its first K&N FRANCISCO lead to a single game.

BALLBAST—And still world pocket ballistics champion, LUTHER LAMSTER of Elizabeth City, N.C., beat Art Crawford of Syracuse, N.Y., in a playoff game in New York. Lamster and Crawford broke out of a four-way tie by outlasting Irving Crane of Rochester, N.Y., and Frank McGee of New York. Lamster won the final game by 11 strokes, clearing out with an uncompleted run of 44.

BOWLING—TOMMY TUTTLE of King, N.C., defeated Dick Denney 249-112 in the final of the \$1,000 Baltimore Open for his first PBA tournament victory.

BOXING—In a slayer, colorful match in Madison Square Garden 6-fight ERNIE TERRELL of Chicago, the short-statured heavyweight, sat down German 1-fighter Champion Gerhard Zech in the first round and staged a unanimous Harvard decision for his eighth straight victory.

GOLFING—The DULUTH, MINN., race, capped by Robert H. Maple Jr., led to the U.S. men's championship in Lake N.Y. with 90 victories and only one loss to the GOLFERS, N.D. in the final round. Despite the 6-fight champion took which was beaten by Duluth on the 10th round, finished with an 8-3 record in a tie for second.

FINANCING—Defending Champion COLUMBIA defeated Princeton 98-90 in New York City to take its eighth Big League title including one in 11 years, and, in the midwest ILLINOIS wrapped up an unbeaten season by winning the Big Ten championship on its own terms.

HARVEST RACING—Italian-owned runner NIKKE HANOVER 194-20, owners winner of the Prix d'Amiens at 81 to 1, captured the \$16,000 Prix de la Ville d'Amiens in a Cupper-Mat, France.

HOCKEY—For the first time in seven years CHICAGO, with a win, a loss and a tie, stood alone at the top of the league. But as two-point lead over MONTREAL (two deficits and a tie) was another big disaster, with two weeks yet to play in the NHL. Third-place TORONTO, now, lost and tied over yielding ground to resurgence DETROIT, which had three victories and a tie to move from five points to within one of the Maple Leafs. Behind of the possibility of making the playoffs, NEW YORK from the Black Hawks and the Canadiens and then tied the Canadiens 6-0 in a game day marked Jacques Plante's third and Charlie Hodge's eighth.

shootout, while BOSTON, with two ties and a loss, was tied in last place.

HOCKEY RACING—Canadian-born NORTHERN DANCER 1541 owned by E. P. Taylor and ridden by Walter Shostakov, came from behind as the seventh to capture the \$14,000 Haverhill Stakes for 3-year-olds at Haverhill.

Mrs. Marion de Poon Scott's MONGOL 45-60, with Johnny Rottach, survived a closing drive by Gun Ross and finished first in a race on Jan. 19th 40-40 John S. Campbell (Haverhill) at Haverhill, Md. The Duchess of Westminster's ARKLE, an Irish-bred 1-year-old gelding, took the lead in the final of the 21-stroke course in the 15-16 mile Lead Cup steeplechase by five lengths over Mr. House at Cheltenham, England.

Captain Farn's double-barreled entry of K.Y. PRO NETER 153-60 and Kentucky Ang finished first and second in the seven-furlong Haverhill Stakes for 3-year-olds at Grafton Park, N.Y.

PLATFORM TENNIS—Second-seeded KIM KIMBLE and DAVID BENJAMIN of Wilkes, Conn. overpowered Thomas Holmes and Michael O'Hearn 6-1, 6-1, 6-2 in the final to win the U.S. doubles championship in Warren, Conn. Earlier in the week, MRS. N. WARREN LEE of South Hills, N.J., and MRS. W. H. D. BURGESS of Queens, Conn. successfully defended the women's title with a 6-6, 6-2, 6-1 defeat of Mrs. Raula Reid and Mrs. William Wachs in Scarsdale, N.Y.

SKIING—For the fourth successive year DE NIVIER captured the N.A.A. championship. The American, the first time, was runner-up.

SWEDISH SKATING—As the Russian women's championship in Sweden, INGA VORONOVA, formerly from the stomach, almost that kept her out of competition for several months, won the title for the third consecutive year to Lada Shostakova, who took four firsts for the U.S.S.R. in the Olympics and went on to win the women's world championship in Kristianstad, Sweden, listed to win a single event.

SWIMMING—At the Big Ten championships in Minneapolis, INDRANA was one of the 17 swimmers and gained the team title for the fourth straight year with an overwhelming 23.5 points. Michigan, with four victories and 171 1/2 points, was runner-up.

TEXAS—Unseeded RON HOLMBERG of New York upset top-seeded Ray Emerson of Australia 6-2, 6-4, 6-3 to win the singles title in the Alabama international tournament in Union, Venezuela.

TRACK & FIELD—Home-town favorite TONY OLARA (see page 85) spread the mile in 1:36.4

at the Chicago Daily News Relay, lowering by .2 second the world indoor mark he set over three weeks earlier at the New York AC meet in his first disappointing performance. BOB SCHUL took the two-mile 19:40.75, BILL CUMBERS the 1000-yards 12:07.81, GEORGE KERR the 600 10:10.4, JOHN THOMAS the high jump 15 feet 10 inches and C. S. YAN and JIMMY WADSWORTH both cleared 16 feet for a tie in the pole vault. At New York's B.E.A. championships, VILLANOVA earned Membership by one point over the runner-up at Columbus, Ohio, MIKE HIGGAN captured the Big Ten championship.

WRESTLING—SIGNED JOHNNY DEE, 40, a Denver wrestler and former head wrestler of coach at Alabama (1971) 1974, to succeed Robert Korte as coach at Notre Dame.

ORGANIZED A new professional football league, the North American Football League, with Ken Anderson, Indianapolis, Memphis, and Seattle as charter members. The four other franchises will probably come from a group including Jacksonville, Atlanta, Birmingham, Louisville and New Orleans. George E. Ashburn of Houston, secretary president, expects to begin league play in September.

MARRIED U.S. Women's Amateur Champion NANCY VON DER HEIDE 23 to Attorney Marvin Krimm, 40, who originally encouraged her to take up the sport as a hobby, in Atlanta.

DIED Ray (Doc) McLEAN, 49, an assistant coach of the Denver 1974 who had spent the last quarter century in pro football both as a player and coach of concept in an American Football League. He played football for the Chicago Bears from 1948 to 1947, then played point guard against the 1947 Chicago Cardinals with stunts as a Bear team member and later joined Green Bay as assistant coach (1951-57) and head coach (1958) before going to Detroit.

DIED LEONARD THOMAS (Tom) BLACKBURN, 48, the sole-spoken basketball coach at the University of Dayton, of lung cancer at a Dayton hospital. In his 37 years with the school he never missed a time that season he coached from a specially built bench for the bench, while he teams captured one of the two records in the country—351-140—and placed in 10 National Invitation Tournament in Madison Square Garden, New York. He coached five times and finally won the championship in 1962 by defeating St. John's.

DIED MRS. ROSE FRANKEL, 48, mother of Astrophysics, was Dr. David Heston, an automobile accident last Sunday. David, who was driving the car when it crashed into a parked truck and turned over, was hospitalized with a chipped vertebra.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Denver Post, 18—NY Times, 21—Baltimore Sun, 22—Los Angeles Times, 23—Chicago Tribune, 24—New York Times, 25—New York Times, 26—AP, 27—New York Times, 28—New York Times, 29—New York Times, 30—New York Times, 31—New York Times, 32—New York Times, 33—New York Times, 34—New York Times, 35—New York Times, 36—New York Times, 37—New York Times, 38—New York Times, 39—New York Times, 40—New York Times, 41—New York Times, 42—New York Times, 43—New York Times, 44—New York Times, 45—New York Times, 46—New York Times, 47—New York Times, 48—New York Times, 49—New York Times, 50—New York Times, 51—New York Times, 52—New York Times, 53—New York Times, 54—New York Times, 55—New York Times, 56—New York Times, 57—New York Times, 58—New York Times, 59—New York Times, 60—New York Times, 61—New York Times, 62—New York Times, 63—New York Times, 64—New York Times, 65—New York Times, 66—New York Times, 67—New York Times, 68—New York Times, 69—New York Times, 70—New York Times, 71—New York Times, 72—New York 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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE TOURNAMENTS

For the first time in several years, there was no clear favorite for the NCAA tournament. Defending Champion Loyola of Chicago, on the rise lately, was hopeful of getting to Kansas City for the semifinals, but Duke, Michigan, Wichita and UCLA had the best chance to make it (see page 20).

The NIT, meanwhile, had a showy field of its own for the tournament that begins Thursday in New York's Madison Square Garden. The class is DePaul (21-3), seeded No. 1, followed by Bradley (20-6), Duquesne (16-6) and Western AC Co-champion New Mexico (21-5). The first-round pairings: Thursday—Miami (20-6) vs. St. Joseph's (17-9) and NYU (15-8) vs. Syracuse (17-7); Saturday afternoon—Army (16-6) vs. St. Bonaventure (16-7) and Drake (20-6) vs. Pitt (17-7).

The small colleges, too, were ready for their post-season exercises. Thirty-two teams converged on Kansas City for the six days that will decide the NAIA title, while the NCAA college division, down to eight teams after a series of regional playoffs, prepared to settle its championship in Evansville, Ind. The survivors: Evansville (23-3), Hofstra (23-5), Adelphi (18-5), Akron (21-6), North Carolina A&T (21-6), Southeast Missouri (20-5), State College of Iowa (22-2) and Cal Poly of Pomona (23-5).

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. VILLANOVA (23-2)
2. PROVIDENCE (26-8) 3. DUQUESNE (16-4)

NYU's wildly erratic Violets again were upset, this time by little Rhode 66-63, their first loss in 13 years (and 58 games) at their cozy Alumni gym. Then they barely beat Fordham 74-69. But it wasn't John's, a young team on the way up, that really wounded NYU's pride. The Redmen went at the Violets with an aggressive defense and a patient offense, and trounced them 71-51. "We're the best team in town," crowed Coach Joe Lapchick. It was an honest claim, too.

Two other NIT teams, St. Bonaventure and St. Joseph's, lost. CAMPUS shocked the Bonnies 87-74 and St. Joe's fell to DAYTON 78-74. But DUQUESNE and SYRACUSE won.

NCAA teams had better luck. PRINCETON beat Penn 76-66 for the Ivy title while PROVIDENCE whipped Utah State 85-75 and Brown 72-67. VILLANOVA routed Seton Hall 109-73, but Seton's Nick Werkman, the country's leading scorer last year, got 37 points and 70 in two wins over Upsala and Rider, and was second with a 33.5 average.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. DUKE (23-4)
2. KENTUCKY (21-4) 3. DAVIDSON (20-4)

To run or not to run, that was the question that worried Wake Forest's Bones McKenney before his team faced DUKE in the Atlantic Coast tournament final at Raleigh, N.C. He decided to run. So Jeff Mullins shot his Deacons dizzy with 24 points, big Jay Buckley and Hack Tyson gave them only one shot before they swept away rebounds, and Duke romped 80-59 to win an NCAA berth.

The first two times that Kentucky's Cotton Nash shot the ball, ST. LOUIS' 6-foot-10 Gil Beckmeier bashed it right back at him. That set the tone at Lexington. The bigger Billikens simply overwhelmed Adolph Rapp's little men and upset them, 67-60.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (26-2)
2. WICHITA (22-6) 3. LOYOLA (20-6)

Ohio State finally ran out of miracles in the Big Ten. All the Bucks had to do was beat MICHIGAN STATE and they had a tie for their fifth straight title. But the Spartans spoiled everything. Pete Gent swished in a 20-foot jumper with 10 seconds to go, and Michigan State won 81-80. That left it up

to MICHIGAN, and the Wolverines, despite some fretful moments when Iowa led by 12 points, came on like gangbusters to beat the Hawkeyes 69-61. The victory put them into the NCAA tournament.

KANSAS STATE, which seems to delight in testing Coach Tex Winter's nervous system with overtime games, worried through another one with Oklahoma State before winning 63-59. It gave K-State the Big Eight title as KANSAS upset Colorado 73-71.

WICHITA, a fast-breaking team, surprised Drake in the Missouri Valley playoff. The Shockers went to a stall for the last 10 minutes to combat Drake's zone and won the game 58-50. omo u, beaten by LOYOLA 103-87, took Toledo 82-76 for the Mid-American championship. But the big news was BOWLING GREEN's Howie Korman, the nation's No. 1 scorer. He got 47 points as BG upset DePaul 89-80, 45 more in a 106-72 thrashing of Marshall to boost his average to 36.7, and ran his foul-shooting streak to 50 for an NCAA record.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS WESTERN (23-3)
2. TEXAS A&M (20-6) 3. TEXAS TECH (20-7)

TEXAS A&M, on the verge of winning its first outright Southwest Conference title in 41 years, suddenly was embarrassed by last-place TCU. It took the Aggies two overtime periods to put down the surprisingly belligerent Frogs 70-66. Said Coach Shelby Metcalfe, spitting happily after being tossed, fully clothed, into an icy shower, "Tonight we played the greatest last-place team in America." Two nights later Metcalfe was just spitting. Texas held his Aggies to the final seconds before losing, 65-63.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (28-2)
2. OREGON STATE (26-3) 3. SAN FRANCISCO (22-4)

Californians making NCAA talk were naturally bullish on unbeaten UCLA, which raced past California 87-57 and then routed a USC rally to win 91-81, even when the Trojans came from 10 points behind to a 63-63 tie, the Bruins never panicked. They merely played their normal hot hand, and UCLA won its 26th straight.

SAN FRANCISCO had a streak going, too. Scoring in bunches, the Dons beat Santa Clara 60-47, Pepperdine 80-58 and Loyola of Los Angeles 60-46 for 18 in a row.

While Utah fumbled itself right out of contention, ARIZONA STATE and NEW MEXICO finished in a tie for the Western AC title. The Sun Devils go to the NCAA, New Mexico accepted an invitation to the NIT.

THE PROS

In one season, the hottest NBA rivalry has become Boston vs. Cincinnati. The Royals will finish second to the Celtics in their division but, for the first time, the Celtics were running scared down the stretch.

Cincinnati fumbled early in the season



QUICK-SHOOTING over Boston's Bill Russell, Jerry Lucas is one factor in Royals' new success against the champions (see right).

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when Jerry Lucas was still finding his prolegs and Jack Twyman, Adrian Smith and Tom Hawkins were out with injuries. But for the last four months the Royals have been the best team in the NBA, and much of the credit must go to Coach Jack McMahon.

The Royals, McMahon reasoned, could not beat Boston as long as Bill Russell clogged the middle all right, blocking shots. Also, Lucas was learning a strange position after a college career as a center. So McMahon devised an offense just for Boston: Wayne Embry, the regular pivot man, took position in the corner, with the specific job of luring Russell from under the basket. Lucas stationed himself on the other side—in the offensive pivot area he knew so well—and the Royals either worked the ball to him or opened the middle for Oscar Robertson's drives. Normally, Russell would accept the challenge of a driving Robertson and pick up the brilliant Cincinnati guard when he got by a Boston defender. But Oscar, with his peripheral vision, has no peer at hitting the open man. And the Royals have the good quick jump shooters—Twyman, Smith, Embry and, in the last month, Lucas himself. Russell found that when he did get to Robertson, Oscar would pass off. When he did not get to him, the Big O went all the way. Immediately, the Royals started beating the Celtics; Robertson's point totals soared and the Royals won six of eight from Boston. Meanwhile, too, Lucas became a scoring threat in addition to rebounding superbly.

Thus the Celtics knew what to expect, and so did the Royals when they met in Boston last week. Through the first 15 minutes, probably the best basketball played in the NBA this season, the game was close. Then Robertson got into foul trouble and had to be benched. The Royals tied the score at 84-84, then went ahead 90-85 in the early moments of the final period. But Oscar picked up a fifth foul, and the tide swung again. Boston went on to win 112-108.

Boston sportswriters quoted Tom Henshott as saying about Lucas—"He hasn't learned to adjust to being a cornerman. He doesn't know the moves."

"Lucas weak link in Royals' defense," said the Boston papers.

Lucas did not learn of Henshott's remarks until the next night in Cincinnati, as the Royals prepared for a final meeting with the Celtics. "Oh, is that what he said?" Lucas noted. Two hours later Lucas had scored 22 points, grabbed 22 rebounds and, on one occasion, had caught one of Henshott's shots and jammed it back on him. The Royals beat the Celtics 111-101, and won the season's series, seven games to five.

Meanwhile, in the Western Division, San Francisco and St. Louis were still battling for first place. But neither will find it easy to beat the Los Angeles Lakers, whose Elgin Baylor and Jerry West seem to be healthy again, in the playoffs.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE

Sirs:

You gave Cassius Clay something of a chance to win and he capitalized on it. I suppose 99% of the nation's boxing experts told us Clay wouldn't survive the national anthem. Those of us who have followed Clay felt he would whip Lison as far back as his fight with Lavarante. But do you think the sportswriters are willing to eat crow? They are not. Some even had the effrontery to suggest that the fight was a setup. Many belittled Lison for retiring in his corner. What can boxing do to win? If Lison had pulverized Clay in one, they would have yelled, "What did I tell you?" If Lison had continued with an injured arm and suffered a serious or fatal injury, these same writers would have asked for an end to the brutal sport. Clay fought a smart, courageous fight—the only kind he could have fought if he was to survive the early rounds. So what do they write? On the strength of one fight, they call Lison washed up. Overrated. Not one has speculated what Lison might do on a return. Lison is still one heck of a fighter, and he's not that slow. Clay is just exceptionally fast.

I find it difficult to get disturbed about Clay's embracing the Black Muslims. That is his personal prerogative, and I don't know a good priest or minister who would deny it. Yet the sportswriters actually made Sonny a sentimental favorite after learning of Clay's conversion. Sort of reminds me of the style of the late ring announcer Harry Belafonte: "And may the man with the more acceptable ideology emerge victorious."

FATHER LEWIS P. BOHLER JR.

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Congratulations on your sympathetic view of Cassius Clay—even before the fight. Since the fight, all the Clay haters have come to realize what Cassius was telling them all along: that his pose was just that and nothing more. The real Cassius is not the preflight Cassius.

Most of the sportswriting fraternity who hypnotized themselves by their own verbiage into firmly believing Lison to be invulnerable, have had their inflated egos punctured by "smashuous" Cavus.

Is it the mark of a champion or even the mark of a good sport to kick a guy when he's down merely because one's pride is hurt?

GUS SEWART

Newton, N.J.

Sirs:

Tex Maule's article on the Clay-Lison fight was highly analytical and bore the

mark of a real professional. Most of the so-called experts who had built up Lison as a superman are now trying to get off the hook by questioning the validity of the fight. Their original judgment could be condoned. But their playing the role of diehards is difficult for this reader to appreciate.

EARL B. COYLE

Washington

Sirs:

"No money was to be gained by fixing a Lison loss." How naive can a magazine be?

What is the dollar difference between one fight and three fights?

WILLIAM H. CROKE

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Sirs:

In my opinion, Clay will prove to be as colorful a champion as Dempsey or Louis. As far as Lison is concerned, my thoughts on his future are that it will greatly parallel the career of Dempsey. If Lison's age is really well past 30 years, or past the age when an athlete generally finds his leg condition sending him downhill despite punching power, a young and clever boxer such as Clay will make it almost impossible for the former champion to regain the title.

My greatest regret is that I did not have the foresight to take advantage of the odds that prevailed for this championship battle.

L. J. (SPICE) MORTARTY

Many, La.

Sirs:

Let's see now. Clay will give Lison a rematch, only "I don't think I'll fight again this year because of the income-tax situation and the Army draft call and all that." So in 1965 Lison beats Clay, who will have a rematch clause (of course) in his contract. And then in 1966 Clay beats Lison in another stunning upset, but fortunately Lison has a rematch clause and . . .

All great fun and I look forward to seeing the fights, provided boxing hasn't petered out in the meantime, but what a pity it won't decide who's really the best heavyweight in the world. You see, somehow poor Eddie ("Bridesmaid") Machen—who's looking better than ever these days—gets left out of the picture. By the time he gets a crack at the title he'll be too old to fight anymore.

ROGER PROULX

Birmingham, Mich.

COLD HEART

Sirs:

Surely you must realize by now how closely bridge idiots like myself are following your wonderful articles (*A New Approach to Bridge*, Feb. 17 *et seq.*). However, the six-

spade hand shown in Part 4 (*Tricks of My Trade*, March 9) is a laydown even with the brilliant opening lead of the heart 6. Declarer (East) goes up with the ace of hearts, draws three rounds of trumps, plays three rounds of clubs (discarding his last heart on the queen of clubs), takes three top diamond tricks and concedes the jack of spades. I'd shoot my bride if she blew this one.

TOM BURNS

Wilmette, Ill.

● Don't shoot her: deal her the right hand instead:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

A typographical error in our original story put the 2 of diamonds belonging to North in East's hand, put East's 2 of hearts in North. When this error is corrected, the hand is no longer a laydown since declarer cannot discard his last heart and loses the king of hearts and the jack of trumps.—ED

Sirs:

Contrary to some of your readers, since reading Mr. Goren's articles on bridge I have become more of a sporting figure. Within a day of reading the article *Double More Often* (March 21, I had doubled my opponents into game (setting them) and redoubled twice successfully.

I appreciate your efforts in presenting this fine series.

RICHARD G. LATHROP, M.D.

Plainfield, N.J.

COTTON TALES

Sirs:

I'm no fan of Kentucky basketball or Cotton Nash—far from it. Our Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets under Whack Hyder split two games with Rupp and Co. this season and finished only two games behind the SEC champs.

But the letter from Richard Specter (19TH HOLE, Feb. 24) cries out for an answer from someone who is not a Kentucky partisan.

Cotton Nash does not station himself under the basket, as Mr. Specter so positively states. Nash at 6 feet 5 in., at best, only average in following shots for up-ms. But on his better nights he is probably one of the top college shooters from outside; his soft touch behind picks from 20 to 30 feet is a thing of beauty. And Nash also has with frequency on a graceful left-handed hook from the vicinity of the key.

continues



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19TH HOLE *continued*

I agree that Davidson has probably been overrated. And Villanova, I read and hear, is a top team. Wally Jones, beret and all, must be one of the best. And I would always root for Georgia Tech to beat the son off Kentucky. But Cotton Nash is a fine all-around player, Kentucky on most nights is fast and sharp, and Adolph Rupp just has to be one of the top all-time coaches. Let's give credit where it's due and not underrate the Bluegrass boys.

CARL A. NIX JR.

Atlanta

Sirs:

Kentucky, "a little, good team with a big bad schedule" (Scouting Reports, Dec. 9), will put down Richard Specter's Villanova five any day of the week. If Mr. Specter is bitter because Villanova has lived up to its preseason ranking but is outranked by Kentucky (which wasn't ranked in the top 20 before showing its true ability) well, I guess he can always cheer for UCLA.

JIM GARGAS

Annandale, Va.

Sirs:

As one out of a thousand students at Davidson College, I feel that the Villanova fan is showing his basketball ignorance when he says Davidson "is a disgrace to the top 10" and "plays schools that a small college should play."

Just to set him straight, here are some of the "small college" teams on this year's schedule: Wake Forest, St. Joseph's, Ohio State (NCAA runner-up in 1961), West Virginia University (a frequent contender for the NCAA title), Duke (1963 NCAA runner-up), Princeton University (last year's Ivy League champion) and, of course, the other teams in our own respectable Southern Conference.

JIM APPELEY

Davidson, N.C.

Sirs:

Nash is not Kentucky's only player. This is demonstrated by the fact that while Nash's average is 25 points per game, the Kentucky team pours in an average of 86 points an outing.

It's also a good thing Adolph Rupp didn't know earlier in the season that Kentucky couldn't stay with tall teams, he might never have taken the 'Cats to the Sugar Bowl Tournament, where they took the title over Duke (with starters Hack Tson and Jay Buckley, both at 6 feet 10). Kentucky also won (104-73) at the expense of conference rival Vanderbilt, another "small team" whose starting front line runs 6 feet 7 to 6 feet 9, and includes the SEC's leading rebounder, Clyde Lee.

JOHN B. CHANDLER, JR.

Nashville

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